THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE real political interest of the week has centred on the publication of the Transvaal Blue Book and on the rumours as to Ministerial action in connection with South African affairs. The despatches contained in the Blue Book which was published on Wednesday are not only voluminous but of grave importance. The strongest of them is a telegraphic despatch from Sir Alfred Milner, dated May 5th. In this despatch Sir Alfred dwells with great emphasis upon the injustice to which the Uitlanders are subjected at the hands of the Boer Government. He declares the case for intervention to be overwhelming, and paints the evil effects of the present situation not only upon the Uitlanders of the Transvaal but upon the whole population of South Africa. Nothing, he declares, will put an end to these evils but some striking proof of the intention of her Majesty's Government not to be ousted from its position in South Africa. The Blue Book also contains Mr. Chamberlain's long despatch, dated May 10th, in which he replies to the petition of the Uitlanders to the Queen. In this he expresses the sympathy of the Government with the Uitlanders, and the hope that the rulers of the Transvaal will recognise the necessity of coming to some satisfactory settlement with the foreign population.

THE publication of this Blue Book at a critical moment has not tended to allay the fears occasioned by the state of things in the Transvaal, or to set at rest the wild rumours which have been flying about during the last week. Indeed, the publication of such a despatch as that of Sir Alfred Milner might almost have been designed to inflame public opinion in this country. At the beginning of the week the rumours turned upon the alleged existence of serious divisions in the Cabinet, and more than once statements that Mr. Chamberlain was on the point of resigning found wide-spread credence. Mr. Chamberlain himself has given an emphatic denial to these rumours, but even this denial has not dissipated the popular belief that there has been a grave division of opinion in the Cabinet as to the measures to be pursued in South Africa, though it seems probable that for the present these differences have been patched up.

THE debate in the House of Commons on China yesterday week was notable—first, for the general rejection of Lord Charles Beresford's spirited, but now impracticable, policy for keeping China whole and open to our trade; next, by some reassuring information from Mr. Brodrick as to the steps to be taken in improving that trade under present conditions. The Yangtse is to be patrolled by British gunboats; attempts are to be made to make its rapids more navigable; the continuation of the Burma railway into Yunnan is to be insisted on; and steps are to be taken to secure that the course of British trade inland is not to be hampered by the illegal levy of Chinese dues. As to the Russian railway to Peking, Mr. Brodrick declared that he did not believe the demand had been made, and intimated that, its object being political, the Government could not approve of it. Presumably, therefore, they intend to give the Chinese Government their firm and consistent support in resisting it. Finally, he pleaded for patience, and for recognition of the inevitable delays that must occur in dealing with China.

THE House of Commons devoted itself on Monday to the Bill for regulating procedure in private legislation for Scotland. The first clause of this measure provides that public authorities, or persons desiring to obtain Parliamentary powers for purposes which are at present dealt with in private Bills, shall in future proceed by way of provisional order. This clause was discussed at some length, and was opposed by several Liberal members from Scotland, but on a division it was carried by 175 votes against 62. On Clause 2, which deals with the functions of the chairmen of committees of the two Houses, an amendment was moved by Dr. Clark providing that two members of each House should be joined with the chairmen in the performance of their duties. This amendment was supported by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the discussion was continued upon it until the close of the debate.

A LONG debate on the Dublin Corporation Bill delayed the proceedings in the House of Commons on public business on Tuesday afternoon. The object of the Bill is to extend the boundaries of the city of Dublin. It was strongly opposed by several Tory members, but on a division the motion for its rejection was negatived by 291 to 129 votes. Subsequently an attempt was made to procure the recommittal of the London Government Bill, with a view to the removal of the words in Clause 2 which make women eligible as councillors and aldermen. The Chancellor of the Exchequer hinted that this end might more readily be attained by allowing the Bill to go in its present shape to the

House of Lords, and after some discussion this course was agreed to, and the Bill was read a third time.

On Wednesday Mr. Robson's efforts in the cause of the half-timers were crowned with success. The Education of Children Bill passed its third reading without a division, after a long debate in which certain Lancashire members were its only opponents. But Lancashire was by no means unanimous; and the agricultural interest had actually been brought round by a judicious amendment to give the Bill a cordial support. The Bill now goes to the House of Lords as the expression of the will, not of a party or a section, but of practically the whole of the House of Commons.

The debate on the Indian Sugar Act on Thursday evening was a melancholy proof of the dangers in store for our economic policy. Sir Henry Fowler's speech was conclusive against the policy of the Indian Government. He showed clearly that the measure was conceived rather in the interest of Mauritius, and at the instigation of the Colonial Office, than on the views of the Indian authorities; that it could not have much effect on the Indian producer, seven-eighths of whose product is consumed unrefined, to exclude refined sugars which do not compete with it, still less to exclude only three-eighths of them; and that the refiners and the Mauritius producers were the only people likely to benefit much. Mr. Maclean followed with a vigorous attack on Mr. Chamberlain for interference outside his own sphere, and on the subservience of Indian officials, swayed by the receipt or the hope of decorations, to the Home Government. Lord George Hamilton only qualified the conclusion as to Mr. Chamberlain's influence, and insisted both on the existence of countervailing duties in England—which, however, are imposed for revenue and not for Protection—and on the danger of disregarding the public opinion of India. Mr. Courtney put forward sound economic doctrine, which was hardly disposed of by Mr. Chamberlain's ingenious misapplication of Adam Smith's teaching on the mercantile system and countervailing duties, or his inquiry whether foreign Governments were fools. Finally, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman challenged the Government to apply Mr. Chamberlain's policy to England, and the motion was rejected by 293 votes to 152, the largeness of the majority being due to the fact that the Nationalists have views of their own on bounties. And so the consumer's interests are to be sacrificed to those of the capitalist and company-promoter.

The two bye-elections which take place in Edinburgh on Monday and Friday next give that city opportunities of exhibiting its return to its former Liberal faith, which there is every reason to suppose it will take. With a hostile majority of only 67 to overcome Mr. Dewar's success in South Edinburgh should be assured, in spite of the fact that the Conservatives have put up probably their strongest available candidate to oppose him. In East Edinburgh, doubtless, the late Mr. Wallace's personal influence counted for much; but apart from this, there are excellent grounds for hope.

The proceedings at the annual meetings of the English Church Union indicate that the High Church party are coming round to favour Disestablishment as an escape from "Puritan" control. Some of them have always favoured it; the mass have hoped for the privileges of Establishment without the lay control that it implies. Yet on Thursday Lord Halifax, after declaring that the present agitation was got up and paid for by "Puritans," determined to put down the teaching and ceremonial enjoined by the Prayer Book, and, attacking all adherents of the Oxford Movement, declared that "there were worse evils than Disestablishment," and his words were received with significant cheers. It is rather a strong statement to treat the present movement as an assault on the Prayer Book; nobody desires to alter the Rubrics in the way they have been altered in Ireland or America. The question is what they do enjoin, and the majority of those engaged in the agitation want to maintain the traditional not the archaic sense of them. But if Lord Halifax will support Disestablishment, a good many "Puritans" will be on his side. Only, he must not suppose that when the Church is disestablished it will be any freer from lay control than it is now. The laity will still hold the purse-strings, and before the large majority of them will support sacerdotal pretensions the E.C.U. will have a great deal of work to do.

Several speeches of some importance, dealing with questions of education, were delivered on Wednesday last. The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding at the annual meeting of that National Society which prevents the public schools from being thoroughly national, called attention to the falling-off in the subscriptions, and declared that if the Church schools were not there to keep up the standard, the religious teaching in Board schools would decline. The decrease of subscriptions is the natural result of the increased grants in aid given by the present Government; and the Archbishop's prediction involves the gratuitous hypothesis that religious zeal is confined to the Established Church. Lord Cranbook, who followed the Archbishop, said that the Society might extend its operations to the new secondary schools—a danger which has been anticipated in these columns. Primary education has been so hampered by the miserable religious controversy since 1870—a controversy, be it remembered, which has infinitely less to do with religious subjects than with the claims put forward by Churchmen to represent the whole nation—that the merest commonsense might lead statesmen to avoid a repetition of the same drawbacks in the higher type of schools. On the same day Sir John Gorst, speaking at Oxford on a Bill for the regulation of home work, drew attention to the case of the children who are sent to school in an unfit condition because they are overworked outside—a case, he declared, far worse than that of those who are not sent to school at all. The only way to get at such cases at all is to regulate home work; yet even that is an inadequate remedy.

The London County Council has received a recommendation from its Improvements Committee to undertake certain works of great importance during the ensuing year. One of these is the extension of the Thames Embankment westward from the Houses of Parliament. This will involve a great change in the Millbank district, the opening up of new thoroughfares, and the sweeping away of a large number of houses. Other improvements recommended are the widening of Mare Street, Hackney, and of Goswell Road; and the total cost of the works proposed will be upwards of a million and a half. Another recommendation of the Improvements Committee was agreed to by the Council at its meeting on Tuesday. This was the purchase, for two hundred thousand pounds, of land in Clerkenwell Road, in order to re-house three thousand of the persons who will be displaced by the Strand and Clare Market improvement schemes. The public will welcome the announcement of these improvements in the metropolis, but it is still anxiously waiting for the execution of an improvement to which the assent of Parliament was given some time ago—the removal of the block of houses between St. Mary-le-Strand and Clement Danes.

SOME twelve hundred delegates have announced their intention of taking part in the International Women's Congress, the success of which is assured in that and other respects. One of the first and most important meetings associated with the Congress, though not limited to its members, will be the great demonstration in favour of international peace and arbitration, which is to be held in the Queen's Hall on the evening of Tuesday, June 27th. The Countess of Aberdeen, with the aid of a strong committee, is organising this meeting, and among the speakers will be the Baroness von Suttner, authoress of the famous novel, "Die Waffen Nieder!" Frau Selenka, of Munich, and Dr. Richet, the eminent French physiologist. The coincidence of the Hague Conference, which will then have reached a critical stage, is naturally expected to give especial interest to the proceedings.

ABROAD.

THE prospects of the arbitration scheme have formed the chief topic of interest in connection with the Peace Conference this week. The Opposition of the German Emperor, as exhibited in the reported speech of Professor Zorn of Königsberg, has caused so much sensation that a German official summary has been issued, whittling down the speech very considerably, eliminating all the references to the alienation of sovereignty and the Divine Right of Kings which were so startling in Professor Zorn's exposition of his master's views, and declaring that the Emperor favoured the Russian proposal of special reference of particular disputes to courts constituted *ad hoc*. It is possible, of course, that the Kaiser is merely annoyed at finding that the more democratic nations are taking the lead in the Congress, rather than Germany and Russia; but the original report of Professor Zorn's speech falls in with all that is known of the imperial views on monarchy. The second section of the Conference, meanwhile, has had before it a scheme for extending the Geneva convention to naval warfare, which seems well considered and hopeful.

THE meeting of the Venezuela Arbitration Commission in Paris takes us back, in a sense, to ancient history; but it is singularly apposite both as a practical illustration of the working of the institution which the Peace Conference is endeavouring to establish and as a reminder of the change in the situation which has taken place since 1896. The Transvaal difficulty we still have with us, but the American difficulty is at an end. The representatives of England and America now meet in a friendly way to settle a problem connected with one of those nations the guardianship of which since the Cuban War has become more than ever the business of the United States. And they meet after a general treaty has been actually agreed on between the Executives of the two countries, and only spoilt by the Senate, a body which must always reflect the older rather than the newer tendencies of American politics. In sum, the tribunal begins its work amid good omens both for its own success and its ultimate effects.

THE revulsion of public feeling in France was strikingly exhibited early in the week—first, by the remarkable, though well-organised, demonstration in favour of the Parliamentary Republic and President Loubet on the occasion of the Grand Prix de Paris on Sunday, and next by the proceedings in the Chamber next day which arose out of the excessive zeal of the police. The Grand Prix meeting was shorn of its usual glories by the fear of a repetition of the scenes of the previous week at Auteuil, and by the extraordinary precautions taken by the Government. They proved useless, for the crowd was overwhelmingly Republican; but the Socialists were eager to show that they were pillars of the Republic, and the police got into conflict with them at various points on the way home, and in the evening before the offices of the *Intransigeant*, on which the anti-militarist section of the party desired to take its revenge. The police seem to have been rather violent—though not more so than any police would be out of England—and when the matter was brought before the Chamber on Monday a resolution, which was not the vote of confidence M. Dupuy asked for, was passed by 321 votes to 273, the majority being largely composed of advanced Republicans. The thankless task of forming a new Ministry has been entrusted to M. Raymond Poincaré, but, though nothing is known of him save what is favourable, it may be doubted whether he has sufficient weight to clear out the General Staff.

BARON CHRISTIANI has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for his ridiculous assault on the President, and the prosecution and imprisonment of Colonel Picquart have come to an end. We trust that compensation for his sufferings may follow in due course. The "clubmen" and the militarists have had a severe lesson, and the impotence of the reactionaries is demonstrated. The danger now, though it is not immediate, is that the effort of the Socialists to exhibit themselves as pillars of the Parliamentary Republic may frighten the well-to-do.

WHILE Russian agents prepare for expansion in China, and enjoy the diplomatic and financial aid of the Russian Government, the resources of the empire are threatened with an unexampled strain. Five million people in the provinces on the middle Volga are dying by famine and its attendant diseases. Three and a half millions sterling, or thereabouts, is required to keep them alive for the next three months; and such organisation as there is seems to be all the more incompetent to cope with them in that it is entirely under the control of the bureaucrats of St. Petersburg, nine hundred miles off. In addition to this, the northern coasts are suffering from a winter of unexampled length, which has blocked the port of Archangel and, indeed, the White Sea, and threatens a vast area in the north with famine; and a similar calamity is believed to be impending in the fertile "black earth" region of the south. In view of all these possibilities, our Russophobes may well moderate their fears.

THE systematic obstruction by the Extreme Left in the Italian Chamber of the Public Safety Bill has stimulated the Pelloux Ministry to energetic action. Signor Sonnino (who, though not in the Ministry, is its chief prop) has brought in a scheme for "closure by compartments," which will probably have passed by the time these lines are read. On Tuesday the Ministry demanded a vote on account for six months, and got it by 203 to 85, together with a vote of confidence. It has been rumoured that this would be the prelude to a prorogation, and that during the recess the Ministry would chiefly govern by royal decrees. But the course of the debates has given hope that this extreme (and eminently dangerous) measure will not be necessary.

THANKS to the personal intervention of the Emperor of Austria, a settlement of the financial agreement between the two partners in the Dual Monarchy has been at last effected. It will last until the year 1907; but it seems tolerably certain that no settlement on anything like the old lines is ever likely to take place again. The common currency arrangement and the charter to the State

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Bank, agreed upon between the two countries when Count Badeni was Premier, is to be continued only till 1907 (instead of 1910 as previously intended), and will not be renewed if the common Customs system is then abolished. Either country is to have the right, moreover, to "denounce" commercial treaties, which is a long step towards separation, but the Governments seem to hope that the various treaties which expire in 1903 may be prolonged to 1907. As regards the treaty with the German Empire which then expires, we may be sure that the Agrarians of Germany will have a good deal to say on the other side. And it seems that the great German "captains of industry" are dissatisfied with the Austro-German treaty also. And the Hungarian patriots are so eager to cut loose from Austria that (unless economic common-sense resumes its sway within the next eight years, which is improbable) they will welcome any German action in this direction. But the chief immediate interest of the settlement lies in its effect on the Government of Austria. It is a triumph for Hungary in two ways. Her Government gets substantially all it had asked for; and Hungary adopts it by Parliamentary legislation; Austria, by Imperial decree under the emergency clause of the Constitution. This is a fresh proof that Austria can do without her Reichsrath, the most complex and least workable of legislatures. The way is more than ever open for suspending it permanently, leaving the work of legislation to be carried on by the Provincial Diets, with Imperial decrees to cut knots. But that is a long step towards "Federal Home Rule."

LITERATURE, etc.

FEW things could be more eloquent of the contrast between old and new Oxford than the proceedings at the unveiling of the statue of Darwin, for which the University has to thank the liberality of Professor Poulton, at the Museum on Wednesday last. Darwin, though a Cambridge man, owed practically nothing to his University education, and pursued his studies far from learned societies and in fields which the Universities had virtually ceased, or had hardly begun, to recognise. When his theory was published, Oxford was the scene of the first great public combat over it, and Bishop Wilberforce was one of its chief assailants. But the theory has now become an accepted part of common knowledge, with applications of which the Oxford theologians of to-day have hastened to avail themselves: and the new Oxford receives the new learning without prejudice, and is eager to accept guidance from outside. The ceremony was the occasion of a most interesting speech, giving personal reminiscences of Darwin, by Sir Joseph Hooker—a worker in part of the same field, and the first scientific inquirer on whom Darwin exercised influence.

"THE History of the Belvoir Hunt," by Mr. T. F. Dale, shortly to be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., is a book of great interest to hunting men, and not without attractions for others. It contains a good deal of history of the Manners family, and a number of illustrations, some of historical interest; while possibly students of biology may some day find it worth while to look at its pedigrees of famous hounds.—Messrs. Greening & Co. announce, in their "English Writers of To-Day" series, volumes on George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Arthur Wing Pinero. They will also shortly publish a volume of illustrated Essays on Art and Literature by Mr. S. C. de Soissons.

THE American Academy of Political and Social Science have just issued an important volume entitled "The Foreign Policy of the United States, Political and Commercial." It comprises the addresses delivered at the last meeting of the Academy by Professor Theodore D. Woolsey, Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, the Hon. Carl Schurz, Mr. Worthington C. Ford, and others. Messrs. P. S. King & Son are the London agents.

IT seldom happens that an English *prima donna* is engaged for the principal part in a new Italian opera. This, however, has been the good fortune of Miss Macintyre, who is to create the part of the heroine in Giordani's opera of *Fédora*, based on Sardou's drama of that name. Another Italian composer, Puccini, has for some time past been at work on a musical setting of the same dramatist's *La Tosca*. In each case the representative of the leading character will have to contend against the recollection of Sarah Bernhardt in the identical part; and this difficulty will not be an easy one to get over. There have been periods, however, in the history of the lyric drama when such vocalists as Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Titiens have distinguished themselves in tragic impersonations; and it is just possible that in this particular respect musical history will now repeat itself. The selection of Sardou's two best dramas for operatic treatment testifies to an improved taste on the part of composers—who, as a matter of fact, never meet with any success on the stage unless beneath their music lies a really interesting story. Most of them are well aware of this, though, from natural perversity, they seem, from time to time, to forget it. Giordani is entirely penetrated with the truth of this rule.

THE great novelty of the season at Covent Garden will be the *Messalina* of Mr. Isidore de Lara, which may be expected early in July. Mr. de Lara is the only one of our composers who occupies himself with operatic work and nothing else; and it is much to be regretted that neither of his latest productions has found its way to England; though from Monte Carlo, their place of origin, they have reached various Italian cities and even the distant, but not inhospitable, St. Petersburg. Perhaps, in the end, Covent Garden will become a theatre for the performance of operas by English as well as by French, German, and Italian composers. Another novelty will be Puccini's *Vie de Bohême*. Played in English by the Carl Rosa Company, this ponderous piece of pleasantry had the deadly effect that might have been expected from it. It may, however, make a different impression when the two principal parts are represented, as they will be at the Royal Opera, by Mdme. Melba and Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan.

THE attitude of the Covent Garden authorities towards Italian opera is cautious and tentative. After two representations of Verdi's *Aïda* and one of Donizetti's *Lucia*, Verdi's *Rigoletto* was to have been played on Monday last, and the *Norma* of Bellini on Thursday. Either to show that it had no intention of compromising itself too deeply, or with the view of collecting at a single gathering the few old-fashioned persons who might still be disposed to care for so antiquated a work, the management announced that *Norma* would be performed but once this season. *Norma*, however, is an opera which recommends itself to Wagnerians almost as much as to the ordinary lovers of Italian melody, for Wagner has himself expressed admiration of its music.

AT Covent Garden the principal part was assigned to that excellent vocalist and great tragic actress, Mdme. Lili Lehmann, and the part of Adalgisa to the famous Italian contralto, or mezzo-soprano, Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli. On the *Don Giovanni* night a perfect representation was given of one of the great historical masterpieces of dramatic music. On this occasion we were spared the incongruity of

French words in conjunction with melodies which for upwards of a century have been known by their Italian names. Signor Scotti represented the profligate hero, and M. Edouard de Reszke his dissolute servant. M. Saleza sang the music of the virtuous but somewhat timid Don Ottavio; while the three female parts were taken by Mdme. Lili Lehmann, Mdme. Nordica, and Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan. The sole blot upon the performance was in connection with the accompaniments to the conversational recitative, which were played on the piano. Last year they were given to the harpsichord, which was too feeble. The piano is less feeble, but more inappropriate; and the piano tones clash terribly with the tones of the orchestra. Why not return to the old method of giving these accompaniments to the 'cello and double-bass—or to a *pizzicato* of strings which would give the harpsichord tones, together with any increase of power that might be thought necessary?

OBITUARY.

Mr. Lawson Tait, who had been settled at Birmingham for nearly thirty years past, was one of the best known members of the medical profession in England, and a very high authority on gynæcology and abdominal surgery. He had remained steadfast to the better political traditions of his adopted town, and had contested the Bordesley division against Mr. Jesse Collings as a Liberal in 1886.—Sir J. R. Walker had been Conservative M.P. for Beverley from 1860 to 1865.—The Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., for many years one of the Professors in the Free Church New College, Edinburgh, was one of the original seceders at the Disruption, and had been Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly and President of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance. By the general public he will be best remembered as the biographer of Livingstone.—Mr. Richard P. Bland, Congressman for a district of Missouri since 1875, will be remembered as the sponsor, if not the author, of the well-meant but pernicious Bland Silver Bill for the readjustment, and confusion, of the currency system of the United States.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BLUE BOOK.

WHATEVER may be thought of the merits of the question at issue between this country and President Kruger, we cannot imagine that there can be any real difference of opinion as to the action of Mr. Chamberlain in publishing Sir Alfred Milner's despatch of the 4th of May. The only purpose aimed at in the publication of this very powerful indictment of the Boer Government is the excitement of popular indignation in this country. There are, of course, occasions when a Minister is bound to make use of every legitimate means of creating a feeling of indignation among his fellow-countrymen. If the Ministry of which he is a member has finally and deliberately resolved to go to war with a foreign Power, then he is clearly entitled to do everything he can to enlist the sympathies of the country in the impending struggle. If, again, there is a state of general apathy with regard to some question affecting the rights of the Queen and her subjects, it may be necessary to make public the frank language in which the agents of the Crown make confidential communications to their chiefs at home. But it does not seem to us that either of these cases has arisen in the present instance. From Mr. Chamberlain downwards all the members of the Government declare that they do not want war with the Transvaal, and some have gone so far as to declare that no cause for war exists. On the other hand, nobody can pretend that any considerable section of the people of England are indifferent to the grievances of the Uitlanders, or are sympathisers with the blind and stubborn policy of President Kruger. All along the real danger has been of a very different kind. It has been the danger that popular feeling in this country might rise to such a height as to sweep away the barriers which the wiser members of the present Government have interposed between themselves and the possibility of war. That being the case, we cannot understand what justification Mr. Chamberlain will be able to allege for his publication of a document which, though bearing the name of the High Commissioner in South Africa, and having consequently all the authority that can possibly attach to a solemn declaration of policy, is couched in the free and forcible—*The Standard* says "impassioned"—language of the journalist rather than in the colder phraseology of the diplomatist. The Colonial Secretary, we are aware, cherishes among other small ambitions that of reforming our methods in diplomacy. He is an admirer of the frankness of speech which distinguished Prince Bismarck, and he is apparently unable to perceive the difference between an ordinary member of a Cabinet in a country under constitutional government and an Imperial Chancellor in an empire in which the Constitution is a fiction. Prince Bismarck, he ought to remember, had at least the power of allaying a storm after he had seen fit to raise it. No such power is possessed by any ordinary Cabinet Minister in this country.

It is hardly necessary to say that the majority of us did not need the strong language of Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain to make us understand the condition of things in the Transvaal. The whole civilised world has now offered its vehement protest against the folly and bigotry of President Kruger and his fellow-Boers. Their treatment of the Uitlander is without excuse, and it violates every sentiment of justice which the human mind can entertain. Unluckily it does more than this. It violates at the same time the natural pride of a proud and imperious race. We are sorry to see that it is to this sentiment quite as much as to our sense of justice that Sir Alfred Milner appeals in his despatch. It is not merely the fact that the Uitlanders are ill-treated that he seeks to impress upon us. He is even more anxious to remind us that the majority of them are the Queen's subjects, and that, in consequence, English prestige suffers from the ill-treatment to which they are subjected. His most forcible argument in favour of the intervention which he regards as necessary is based upon the belief that the continued subjection of the Uitlander population of the Transvaal to the injustice of Boer law is affecting injuriously the position of Englishmen throughout South Africa, and he hints not obscurely that we may have to pay dearly, even in Cape Colony, if we continue to submit to the state of things in the Transvaal. We confess that we should have been much better pleased if Sir Alfred Milner had left this argument out of his consideration. It may be an argument which can properly be used by a Colonial Governor when writing to his chief in Downing Street. It is incontestably not an argument that ought to be allowed to go forth on authority to the world at large. To show this kind of nervousness with regard to the security of our position in South Africa is the surest of all modes of rendering that position really insecure.

It is not enough, however, to deplore the fact that at a critical moment in the history of our relations with the Boer Republic we should have this public and almost inflammatory appeal to English indignation. The appeal is based upon facts which cannot be controverted, and we are

bound to see what remedy can possibly be applied to the wrongs of the Uitlanders. Fortunately, Sir Alfred Milner, when he comes down to practical proposals, is by no means so dangerous as when he is dwelling upon the existence of admitted grievances. In communicating with Mr. Chamberlain on the subject of his approaching conference with Mr. Kruger, Sir Alfred suggested that he should endeavour to obtain "franchise after six years, retrospective, and at least seven members for the Raad." In the conference he proposed harder terms than these, and his proposals were rejected by the President. But the latter has already made some concessions in the direction suggested by Sir Alfred Milner, and there does not seem to be anything to prevent a final agreement upon the lines of the High Commissioner's proposal. We do not believe, however, that any good end can be secured by persistence in the kind of public agitation by means of which Mr. Chamberlain has sought to strengthen himself in his struggle with Mr. Kruger. The real danger to the peace of South Africa lies in the creation of still greater bitterness between the two parties to the dispute. Ever since the criminal blunder of the raid this bitterness has been growing. Mr. Chamberlain has done nothing to hinder its growth, and he now appears to be able to rely upon Sir Alfred Milner to assist him in fanning the flame. This may be the new diplomacy, but it is clearly not good diplomacy. What is wanted above everything else, in dealing with such a man as President Kruger, with such a people as the Boers, and with so delicate and complicated a relationship as that of Great Britain with the Transvaal, is firmness and good temper. The grievances of the Uitlanders are unquestionably great, and there is no doubt as to our power of removing them if we choose to use the strength of our empire in order to do so. But there is no sane man amongst us who does not regard a war in this case as being both a blunder and a disaster. We have to go on as we have done of late with patience, perseverance, and firmness; and if these qualities are exercised as they ought to be, there is no reason to doubt that the difficulties in the Transvaal will be solved. We wish that we could think that the solution had been helped by the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's Blue Book.

GERMANY AND ARBITRATION.

THE exclusion of the Press from the proceedings of the Conference at the Hague is producing the evil effects which were only too clearly foreseen, and which will, it is hoped, be modified by the publication of an official *précis*. The English and German newspapers are engaged in a barren war of words as to whether Germany has or has not taken up an unreasonable attitude in refusing to support Sir Julian Pauncefote's proposal for the establishment of a permanent international tribunal. If reporters were admitted to the meetings of the Conference we should at least know authoritatively what Germany objects to; at present all is necessarily mere surmise. We cannot seriously believe that the Emperor William has objected to any sort of permanent tribunal on the ground that it would involve a reduction of his autocratic sovereign power. Every reference to arbitration, whether general or particular, is described in English law as a submission, and the phrase is theoretically more accurate than our legal phrases sometimes are. If two parties agree to be bound not by their own judgment but by the decision of an outsider, they are to that extent submitting themselves to another. Thus every international arbitration, as distinct from mediation, is a voluntary lessening *pro tanto* of the absolute sovereignty of the Powers consenting to the reference. The form of government of the Powers in question is, from this point of view, entirely irrelevant. Queen, Lords, and Commons in Great Britain exercise together a sovereignty more absolute than that of Kaiser and Reichstag, for they are not, apart from the submission, subject to any constitutional control. The question which arises, when any matter is referred to arbitration, is whether for the sake of peace the national governments should submit to a temporary and limited invasion of their independence. It is from this point of view immaterial whether the reference is to a permanent tribunal or to one created *ad hoc*. If the reference as well as the tribunal were to be permanent, the objection attributed to Germany might have some force. If, for instance, England were to agree to refer to a *standing* arbitrator every question as to the right of national redress for wrongs done to foreigners for which damages may in international law be claimed by the government of the person wronged, England would indeed be limiting her national independence. But no such proposal is before the Conference. The tribunal suggested by Sir Julian Pauncefote would not be a court, but a panel of arbitrators, and it would take cognisance of no question save on a specific reference by both parties desiring such a question to be settled. Germany might consent to the creation of the permanent tribunal, and yet never allow any matter of German interest to be referred to it.

It may be suggested that if such a tribunal existed there would be a certain moral compulsion upon the Powers consenting to its creation, and that they would thus be forced to refer disputes which they might not otherwise have consented to submit. To this extent national independence might be indirectly lessened. But the moral compulsion of the public opinion of Europe can never be very strong as against the national sentiment of a great Power; if it had been, France and Prussia would not have summarily rejected mediation in 1870. And the compulsion—such as it is—would be greater in democratic countries than under an autocracy, which is less swayed by popular impulse. So that, in fact, Germany and Russia would be surrendering less than England and France. These considerations must have been taken into account by the German Government, and we venture to doubt whether the German delegates can have officially pledged themselves to resist even this small step towards permanent peace on so untenable a ground. What we rather understand them to have suggested is put shortly and clearly enough in the published explanation of Professor Zorn. They urge that the nomination of a panel of jurists would be ineffective because the jurists would all be so much bound up with other national interests that it would be scarcely possible to find impartial men among them. This objection is not to be lightly dismissed, for it gets to the bottom difficulty in preserving peace by means of arbitration. It is always difficult to find any man competent to act as umpire who has not either preconceived notions of law known to the parties, or a national bias in favour of one of the contentions to be urged before him. Thus Lord Salisbury has agreed to refer to an eminent Dane the claim of Canada to compensation for seizures of sealers just outside the three-mile limit. It unfortunately happens that Denmark has made very large claims over the ocean, which have since led

to disputes with England. The arbitrator may on this account find it more difficult to be impartial than if he had come from an inland State. This sort of difficulty is constantly arising, and the latest instance was the failure of the Washington Conference to find an umpire acceptable to both parties to decide as to the limits of Alaska. Where we fail to follow the Germans is in supposing that the difficulty would be in any way increased by appointing a panel of arbitrators from whom the arbitrator in each case might be selected. There are more men of judicial temperament in the world than is sometimes fancied, but until they get an opportunity of displaying their fairness and competence, people remain ignorant of their capacity. If we had a permanent list of arbitrators, there would be a certain competition for the distinction which comes from successful judicial work.

It would, however, be idle to suppose that such a tribunal would at first make much difference. To be successful it must not merely be created, but proved. The Powers will always be slow to refer any question of moment. The arbitrators must be content at first to deal with merely minor points of conflict. Nor must we lay much store on the gradual growth of international case-law. Foreign jurists do not attach so much importance as Englishmen do to decided cases. The main advantage will be in the effect which an international arrangement for the permanent pay of a bureau of jurists would have upon the judicial independence of the jurists themselves. Probably as the years went on membership of the world court would rank as among the most honourable posts a lawyer could attain to, and jurists would feel, when they had gone so far, a certain obligation to act fairly, even against any minor public interest of their own country. At present the choice of arbitrators is limited to two types: the professor, who is too often an unsuccessful barrister with fads which make him distrusted by his own country, and the successful advocate who has become a judge. The latter is of the two the more satisfactory. But he is unquestionably handicapped by retaining his national position, and even more so in other countries than in England. Our only doubt about Sir Julian Pauncefote's proposal is whether it goes far enough. We should like to see a permanent paid tribunal acting as one body—not a mere list of arbitrators—absolutely detached from national divisions, to which any two nations could refer any dispute.

SUGAR, INDIA, AND THE EMPIRE.

THE debate of Thursday evening on Sir Henry Fowler's motion, praying her Majesty to disallow the Indian Sugar Act, was one of those occasions—likely to become more and more frequent in the present conditions of the economic world—in which all the sound knowledge was on one side and the majority of votes on the other. We are, unfortunately, familiar—in the United States, in the self-governing colonies, and in Continental countries—with the victory of sections of producers, or those who finance them, over the general public, and of class interests over commonsense. But Thursday night's debate is the first occasion when such a victory has been won in the House of Commons. It was a victory for the bureaucrats, the financiers, and Protectionism. Mr. Chamberlain finally disavowed the Free Trade faith he had professed in 1880, and his part in the matter was hardly lessened by Lord George Hamilton's explanation that it was only after the Indian Revenue Committee had begun to waver in their opinion that the Colonial Secretary, in the interest of Mauritius, gave them a final push. Sir Henry Fowler's speech was a masterpiece of learning and a storehouse of economic fact; but that sort of thing, according to *The Times*, now interests only the Cobden Club. He showed that the Indian consumer, who has not many luxuries, would be the chief sufferer by the measure; that the Indian producer would receive but little benefit, and the small and backward class of Indian refiners would be the only class in India who would. He made it clear that the Indian Government had changed its views, ultimately at least, at Mr. Chamberlain's instigation; and his case against the Colonial Secretary was emphasised in the scathing speech of Mr. J. M. Maclean, who spoke as an Anglo-Indian as well as an enlightened Conservative. Mr. Courtney's sound economics were in no wise answered by the clever and bitter speech of Mr. Chamberlain. That speech, disregarding the appeal of Lord George Hamilton to treat the question as affecting only India, took it over a wider area and made the ultimate object of the Act perfectly plain. In itself the speech consisted chiefly of clever and transparently fallacious dialectic; but it implied that Mr. Chamberlain is willing to sacrifice the public interest to the supposed interest of the colonies. He gave up the purity of the Free Trade faith; he dwelt on the need of attracting capital to the colonies; he made it clear that the Act is only the first step to a similar measure to be applied at home, for the benefit of our West Indian possessions—a benefit, be it remembered, which can hardly be permanent, and which must disorganise other and growing trades at home.

In short, the practical outcome of the debate only serves to emphasise the conclusions already set forth by Lord Farrer and Mr. Harold Cox in the most recent publications of the Cobden Club. The Act is important mainly in its bearing on the Empire as a whole. The bad example it sets to British fiscal legislation is of far more importance than any benefit that can possibly be derived by the industrial and agricultural interests of India. It has been contended on behalf of the Act that the Indian producer suffers from the competition of the German and Austrian bounty-fed sugars, and is likely to suffer more in the future; and that the Indian Government, always hard put to it to find the means of meeting necessary expenditure, cannot afford to face the loss of land revenue entailed by the shrinkage of the sugar area, which has at times exceeded one-sixtieth of the total area of cultivated land in India. And there is the fact that though India offers a vast field for investment, if only capital can be got to go there, yet capital will not go except to guaranteed railways, which are not very attractive after all. A little Protection, it seems to be thought, might determine an influx of capital which would afterwards spread itself to other employments, and when the Protection is only restoring a natural advantage—setting a countervailing duty which is defensible as a measure of readjustment, against a bounty which is wholly indefensible—there seems all the less reason to object. Not long ago the chairman of an Indian bank—not, indeed, one of the most prosperous of them—took occasion to welcome the Bill precisely on the ground that it would assist the flow of capital to India. But all these arguments, which reappeared on Thursday evening, were disposed of by Lord Curzon's speech in the Indian Council last March. Lord Curzon actually expressed his hope that the Bill would be the first step to an Imperial Zollverein, and

dwelt on the 250,000 Indian coolies in Mauritius as one of the reasons for passing it. Now the statistics just presented to Parliament show that the sugar reaching India from Mauritius is more than that which is imported from Germany and Austria put together, and it always has been so except in one year. In that year (1897-98), as Mr. Harold Cox has pointed out, the American market began to be closed to the Germans, and the Indian crop was short, owing to the famine. The next year the Indian crop was better and the Mauritius crop magnificent; and so the Germans and Austrians, in spite of the countervailing duty imposed in America, went back to that country again. And as the bulk of the Mauritius sugar is refined, the import is not likely to help the Indian refiner much. The truth is that mere countervailing duties are only one element in combating the artificial over-production of foreign nations. The glut produced by the artificial stimulus of bounties, whether on production or only on export, tends to make it necessary to get rid of the result somehow, even at a loss. A mere countervailing duty will not stop this altogether; and so its institution must be followed by a fresh demand for Protection, this time without disguise. Under present conditions that demand is certain to be strongly backed—not by the producer only, but by the professional company-promoter and that large and increasing portion of the general public which is keen after new investments or speculations. And so the scanty luxuries of our Indian fellow-subjects are to be curtailed, nominally in the interests of India and the empire, really in that of the company-promoter and the speculator in shares. And we can have little doubt either that the modified Protection now introduced will set up a cry for the real thing, or that the attempts constantly being made to undo the policy of Cobden will receive fresh stimulus from the bad example set by India and endorsed most unfortunately by the Government and the House.

THE FALL OF M. DUPUY.

THE defeat and resignation of M. Charles Dupuy are more important than most changes of Government. His successor, M. Poincaré, is an able man of high character, who declared for Dreyfus at a critical moment of the affair. M. Dupuy's second Premiership lasted more than seven months, and thus rather exceeded the average duration of Ministries under the Third Republic. But his fall, which most Frenchmen seem to regard as final, was not due to mere weariness or desire of change. It was intimately connected with that terrible drama which is still convulsing France, and which will not end with the acquittal of Dreyfus. M. Dupuy was Prime Minister for the first time when the court-martial under Colonel Maurel illegally condemned Captain Dreyfus, on the supposed authority of secret documents communicated to the court behind the prisoner's back by the Minister of War. There could be no better example of the extraordinary mystery in which this affair has been shrouded from the first than the fact that no one really knows whether M. Dupuy was an accomplice in this wickedness or not. If his colleague, General Mercier, deceived him, he should have spoken out and exonerated himself as soon as he learned of the treachery. If, on the other hand, he was aware of the nefarious device by which the conviction of an innocent man was exacted from a military tribunal, he is utterly unfit to hold any office in the State, because he is a public criminal. We presume the question will be answered, one way or the other, at the now inevitable impeachment of General Mercier. It was proved before the Supreme Court that M. Hanotaux, M. Dupuy's Foreign Minister, remonstrated with the Minister of War, and pointed out to him the difficulties with foreign Powers which the prosecution of Captain Dreyfus would involve. But General Mercier would not listen to any remonstrances. It was, he said, a clear case, and he must proceed. One can hardly believe that so serious a dispute between two members of the Cabinet was withheld from the Prime Minister, whom they would both naturally consult. There is another point which has not yet been fully cleared up. Did the members of the court-martial know, or did they not, that even in the secret documents there was no mention of Dreyfus? If they did, it is impossible to exaggerate the iniquity of their conduct; if they did not, General Mercier is guilty of an offence quite as atrocious as that falsely attributed to the gallant officer now on his way home.

The ostensible cause of M. Dupuy's overthrow was the alleged brutality of the police at the Longchamps races. M. Dupuy defended them, declared that they had acted under his instructions, and elected to stand or fall with them. A Minister who upholds his subordinates, even when they are wrong, always excites sympathy, but in this case M. Dupuy's responsibility was more than technical. The evidence that the police exceeded their powers, and assaulted peaceable citizens who were merely proclaiming themselves Republicans, is too strong to be set aside, and the Prefect of the Seine has promised an inquiry. M. Dupuy is accused of having first given the President of the Republic imperfect protection at Auteuil, and then made an unnecessary display of military force the following Sunday. His object, so his enemies say, was to discredit M. Loubet, whom he wished to supplant. If that were indeed his purpose, it signally failed. For the President is far more popular than he was before. But we confess that we see no evidence of this Machiavellian design. If the police got out of hand, and charged right and left upon unoffending citizens, their violence may be traced to other causes than M. Dupuy's jealousy of his chief. M. Dupuy succeeded M. Brisson last November, and M. Brisson was defeated because the majority of the Chamber thought, or professed to think, that he had not adequately protected the Army against insult. The immediate consequence of this vote, besides the change of Ministry, was the unsuccessful prosecution of M. Urbain Gohier for his too accurate account of life in French barracks. Its ultimate consequences were far more serious. It tended to put the military power above the civil, and to exalt the Army, by which was meant the General Staff, at the expense of the State. "Vive l'Armée!" became the popular cry in Paris, and took the place of "Vive la République!" Following upon the scandalous intimidation to which the jury were subjected by General de Boisdeffre and General de Pellieux at the trial of M. Zola, these ebullitions of militarism became a serious danger. But they were not discouraged by M. Dupuy, and if the police got into the habit of regarding "Long live the Republic!" as a seditious cry, their superiors were more to blame than themselves. The political leanings of a French Government affect the behaviour of the whole official class in a way which Englishmen find it hard to realise.

The principal measure for which M. Dupuy was responsible is the Act transferring criminal appeals when revision is demanded from the Criminal Chamber to the Cour de Cassation as a whole. The law was altered for the express and avowed

purpose of preventing the Criminal Chamber from giving judgment on evidence they had already heard. As things have turned out, it may be plausibly argued that the authority of the full Court carries more weight with the nation than would have belonged to a single branch of it. But a large exercise of charity is required to believe that that was M. Dupuy's object. For he knew that the criminal judges were about to order a new trial, and in consort with M. Mazeau he insinuated doubts of their impartiality. It was a hard task to get the Bill through the Senate, and M. Mazeau, though himself a Senator, would not repeat where he could be answered the imputations he had not been ashamed to make upon his colleagues in a report to the Minister of Justice. The most probable explanation of M. Dupuy's tortuous policy is that he then hoped for a majority in the full Court against a fresh trial of Dreyfus. The overwhelming strength of the case for revision baffled his designs. No tribunal which respected itself or the law could have hesitated to set aside a conviction obtained, not only without evidence, but by fraud. When the judgment of the Supreme Court was made the subject of debate in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Dupuy had no advice to give. He washed his hands of the whole affair, and left the representatives of the people to take their own course. He doubtless saw that his game was up. M. de Freycinet had deserted him. M. Krantz, M. de Freycinet's successor, was taking energetic action by the arrest of Du Paty de Clam and the reform of the General Staff. M. Delcassé had already, through M. Paléologue of the Foreign Office, exposed the forgeries of the War Department under General Billot and M. Cavaignac. M. Brisson, on the contrary, faced the loss of office and popularity because he would not connive at the imprisonment and torture of an innocent man. The Dreyfusites, especially Colonel Picquart, have had much persecution and obloquy to endure. But they see their desire upon their enemies at last.

FINANCE.

THE fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange this week showed a much smaller speculation for the rise than existed a fortnight previously. The little scare caused by the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference not only led speculators for the rise to close their accounts on a very large scale, but it induced many other speculators to sell what they did not possess. Furthermore, the apprehended disturbances in Paris on Sunday week, and since then the fall of the Dupuy Cabinet, have brought about sales from Paris; while the renewal of fighting in the Philippines has had rather a depressing effect upon Americans, and led to the closing of some accounts in that department. The result of all was a very much smaller speculative account; and the discovery that this was the case, with the hope that war would be avoided with the Transvaal, and that the supremacy of the law would be firmly established in Paris, have given a more hopeful feeling to markets. At one time, indeed, there was rather a tendency on the part of some operators to begin buying again. But upon the whole the feeling is that there is as yet too much uncertainty, and that, therefore, it is better to act with great caution. The decline in Consols has added to the many other reasons for prudence. As a matter of fact, the movement in Consols is not due to any political causes. It is mainly because the interest derivable from them is so small, and there is little prospect of any further rise in the capital value, at all events for some time to come. As long as the Government went on buying Consols, not only for the Sinking Fund, but for the Savings Banks, the Stock Exchange was persuaded that the price must steadily rise, and a great many capitalists, therefore, continued to hold the stock rather in the hope of adding to their capital than because of the interest derivable, or because even of the security. But the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has reduced the Sinking Fund, and is diverting the Savings Banks deposits to other purposes—loans to the Crown Colonies, to the local authorities, to India, and so on. Government purchases of Consols, therefore, will be on a very much smaller scale for some time than they have been for years past, and therefore it is evident that no considerable rise is to be anticipated. On the other hand, the home trade has never perhaps been so active as it is at present. All capitalists can employ the money in trade to much better advantage than they can employ it either in investment or in lending upon the Stock Exchange, or even in discounting bills; and consequently bankers and others are selling Consols, carefully and cautiously, of course, in order to finance the great trade operations that are going on. But the Stock Exchange always looks with a certain amount of nervousness upon any decline in Consols. It assumes that there must be some political cause of apprehension, at all events, or political unrest. And, therefore, the fall in Consols, if it is maintained for any length of time, is certain to impress the whole of the Market with the necessity of precaution. On the other hand, home railway stocks have, as a rule, improved, for the railway earnings are marvellously good at present. Foreign stocks, upon the whole, have changed but little. In South African gold shares there has been a decided recovery from the fall of last week; but there is scarcely any business doing. In Western Australian gold shares, on the other hand, there has been a good deal of activity during the week, and in some cases extraordinary rises.

Money is abundant and exceptionally cheap for the time of year and the condition of business. The cheapness is due to some extent to the shipments of gold from New York. Whether the gold will be retained here is doubtful, as the Bank of England does not seem inclined to strengthen its reserve as it ought to do. But the mere fact that gold in considerable amounts has been shipped from New York has impressed the European markets very much and has caused rates to fall away. A little while ago the general belief was that gold would be shipped from Europe to New York, because, in the first place, the United States have exported such enormous quantities of goods, while they have bought so little from Europe that the balance of trade was exceptionally in their favour; and secondly, because the prosperity of the United States is so great that it was anticipated more gold would be required. As a matter of fact, however, the banks throughout the United States have for years past been accumulating gold, and are, therefore, exceptionally well provided with money. At the same time, confidence, which was so completely shaken three years ago, has now revived, and everybody is ready to take any kind of paper. And lastly, it is evident that the balance of indebtedness is not so much in favour of the United States as has been generally assumed. The large balances at the Bank of England to the credit of Japan likewise helped to make money cheaper. And the check given to all kinds of speculation by the dispute with the Transvaal, and recent events in France, have tended to check the demand for short loans in London. Meanwhile, the India Council has sold its drafts very satisfactorily this week. It offered for tender on Wednesday 50 lacs, and the applications exceeded 663½ lacs. The whole amount offered was allotted at prices ranging from 1s. 3 11/16d. to 1s. 4d. per rupee. Subsequently a very small amount was sold by special contract at 1s. 4d. per rupee. Next week 50 lacs will again be offered for tender.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY. — The publication of Sir Alfred Milner's dispatch does not advance very greatly our knowledge of the situation in South Africa. It shows, of course, that President Kruger is in an unyielding mood; but it also makes it clear that Sir Alfred himself was just as resolute. Everybody blames the obstinacy and narrowness of President Kruger; but there is a widely-spread feeling that we have no *casus belli* in his refusal to admit the Uitlanders to the possession of the franchise. Moreover, the feeling is general that we owe the present *impasse* to the crude diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain. A more tactful man would never have involved us in the humiliation of this abortive conference. The real danger to the peace lies in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain himself cannot be unconscious of his failure, and that he may consequently be looking for some means of covering his defeat, without much regard to the nature of the means. The friends of peace in the Cabinet will need to be on the alert if they are to prevent a war of revenge on behalf of the Colonial Secretary.

At last justice has been done by the restoration of Colonel Picquart to liberty. So long as that gallant and blameless man was kept in illegal confinement it was impossible to feel absolutely confident that the Dreyfus affair would end satisfactorily. His release yesterday, after nearly a years' solitary confinement, justifies the hope that the military party in France has at last been brought to its knees. But the country is not yet out of the wood, and to-morrow in Paris will be a day of much anxiety.

Sunday.—The Liberals have good hopes of regaining the seat for South Edinburgh, which was lost in the catastrophe of the General Election of 1892. In East Edinburgh also they hope to retain the seat, though, owing to the strong personality and independence of Dr. Wallace, the position is not quite so favourable as it would have been if the late member had been a Radical of a more ordinary type. Much, however, may be hoped from that general improvement in the condition of the party which is everywhere noticeable. Perhaps that improvement is nowhere to be seen more distinctly than in the House of Commons, where discipline is again being restored to the Opposition, and under the firm and conciliatory leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the wreckers are being steadily repelled. The victory of discipline and organisation was clearly visible in the division of last Monday, when the overwhelming majority of the Opposition voted with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman despite the attempt that was made to lead them into the lobby with Mr. Morley, and in spite of the fact that many of them felt the full force of the objections to Lord Kitchener's treatment of the Mahdi's remains. On the whole it may be said that the waning session finds the Opposition both in and out of the House in very much better condition than at any previous period in the history of the present Parliament.

Monday.—After all, Paris has again given us a surprise. Instead of the threatened storm we have the story of President Loubet's enthusiastic reception by the populace, and the account of the dinner in honour of Colonel Picquart at the house of Senator Trarieux. It really looks as though all were coming right, not only with regard to Captain Dreyfus, but with respect to the Republic itself. Yet appearances are not always to be trusted, and there are still some good judges who insist that the ship cannot weather the storm.

The profound calm amidst which the news of the result of the Bloemfontein Conference has been received here has greatly perturbed those who are spoiling for a fight with the Boers. This morning fresh attempts are being made to rouse the anger of the public against President Kruger; and though the talk of war is avoided, measures are openly advocated which would certainly make the risk of war greater than it is. Again one hears rumours of a grave division in the Cabinet on the question at issue, and to-day the story is not that Mr. Chamberlain has resigned but that he is likely to prevail! I confess I find it difficult to believe this tale. The course of continued blundering which has marked the Colonial Secretary's dealings with the Government of the Transvaal does not seem to make it probable that his colleagues will surrender to him in the present crisis.

Tuesday.—What does it mean? was the question asked on all sides yesterday evening when it became known that Mr. Chamberlain was not in his place on the Treasury Bench to answer the important questions which had been addressed to him in connection with Transvaal affairs. For a time the belief was general that it meant his defeat in the Cabinet and his resignation. Presently it became known that, whatever may be on the carpet, this at all events was not the real signification of the incident. Mr. Chamberlain had stopped in Birmingham in order to entertain the American Ambassador. To-day a Cabinet will be held, and in all probability an important decision will be taken. How it will affect Mr. Chamberlain's position nobody can at this moment predict.

The fall of the Dupuy Cabinet was as startling as any event which has been long expected is when at last it comes suddenly. Nobody will regret the fall of M. Dupuy, in whom it was impossible for the members of any party to feel confidence. But it cannot be said that his retirement clears the air, or that France is as yet in smooth waters. That the position of M. Loubet is not very secure is evident, and the fact that the Socialists are rallying to his side is another element of danger in the condition of the unhappy country.

Wednesday.—Mr. Chamberlain has been out-voted in the Cabinet, and this morning accordingly the newspapers give us the authoritative statement that there is no difference whatsoever between him and his colleagues. We must, of course, accept the statement for being worth exactly what it is. Cabinet Ministers always deny the existence of differences until a difference results in a resignation. Some philosophic historian—Mr. John Morley, say—might write an entertaining dissertation upon the relationship of the Cabinet system of Government to the veracity of statesmen. Mr. Gladstone might have handled the topic in such a manner as to prove to the general satisfaction that an untruth is not an untruth when it is uttered by a member of a Cabinet speaking on behalf of that body as a whole. But it would require his wonderful intellectual subtlety to follow the various links in the chain of argument leading up to this conclusion. For the present it is enough to note the fact that there is to be no resignation, and that the Colonial Secretary will pursue a more pacific course with regard to President Kruger than that upon which he was understood to be bent a few days ago. Yesterday the nerves of the public were in such a "jumpy" state that a ridiculous story to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain was forthwith going to Switzerland—in Ascot week!—found publicity in an evening paper and led to an hour's excitement. To-day men are calmer, and seem to realise the fact that the war party has not obtained the mastery in our united Cabinet.

The Rector of Flint does not shine as a controversialist. His letter in *The Times* yesterday on the subject of Mr. Tom Ellis was not creditable to him either as a clergyman or a gentleman. Sir John Brunner to-day makes a reply to this sorry effusion in a letter the calmness, self-restraint, and courtesy of which are in curious contrast to the Rector's own style.

Thursday.—The publication of the South African Blue Book was the universal topic of conversation yesterday. It cannot be said to have allayed the widespread feeling of alarm which the present situation in the Transvaal has occasioned. Mr.

Chamberlain's diplomacy appears to consist in a vigorous attempt to bluff his opponents and to appeal to popular support at home. On this occasion he has succeeded in inducing Sir Alfred Milner to act as his trumpeter, and the High Commissioner has made even a stronger appeal to public sentiment than that which is made by Mr. Chamberlain himself. So far as I can gather, there is a general feeling of regret among Liberals at the publication of Sir Alfred Milner's long telegraphic despatch. The only purpose of the publication is to influence public opinion in this country; and there was no need to do this. Some Conservatives I have met are just as much opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's warlike policy as the majority of Liberals.

Mr. Robson achieved a rare personal triumph yesterday when his Half-Timers Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons. The good fortune which gave him the first place in the ballot for days at the opening of the session has followed him throughout, and has enabled him to carry a Bill through the House of Commons which is not only the best Bill introduced into Parliament this session, but a measure of real importance. It is not good luck alone, however, that has enabled him to win this brilliant triumph. If he had not displayed immense enthusiasm, a dogged perseverance, and conspicuous ability, he would never have baffled the enemies of the Bill. The question now is, What will the Lords do with it?

Friday.—The chief feature of last night's debate was not Sir Henry Fowler's admirably lucid exposition of the case against the countervailing duties, nor even Mr. Maclean's vigorous onslaught upon his own leaders—an onslaught the concentrated bitterness of which rather surprised the House. It was Mr. Chamberlain's practical recantation of his old faith in Free Trade. Sir Henry Fowler had quoted a passage in which the ex-Radical in his Radical days spoke words of wisdom and truth with regard to sugar bounties and countervailing duties. But Mr. Chamberlain wears his rue with a difference now, and last night he took a further step in his career of apostasy. It was interesting, though scarcely edifying.

Happily, there is every reason to feel that the belligerent Blue Book which we owe to the same gentleman's notion of the way in which diplomacy ought to be conducted has missed fire. It is becoming apparent that Mr. Kruger is really trying to bring about some improvement in his detestable system of government; and the British public, instead of being carried off their feet by Sir Alfred Milner's despatch, are evidently set against any idea of war.

AN AMBASSADOR'S JEST-BOOK.

THE cream of the jest is that we have not seen it! At this moment there are lying upon the shelves of a distracted London publisher two thousand copies of a work entitled "The Choate Jest-Book," presumably compiled from the recorded humour of the American Ambassador. Higher powers have intervened and suppressed it. There is a rumour that it has appeared on the other side of the water, though credible Americans we have consulted, men well versed in the jests of a country rich in this particular commodity, assure us that it is unknown to them. One specialist said, "No, I have not come across any such book. But you must understand that my countrymen have a faculty for inventing jokes and attributing them to well-known people. A practice not unfamiliar over here, I fancy. The ghosts of Sheridan and Sydney Smith must be unhappy over a good deal of the fun they are alleged to have made in the flesh. Pity that so many of your jokers hide behind the dead instead of coming out into the open! Have I ever heard of any story ascribed to Mr. Choate? Oh, yes! There's the story of the man who introduced a friend to him just after he had been appointed Ambassador to England. 'Let me introduce you,' said the man, 'to Mr. Joseph H. Choate.' 'Wait a moment,' said Choate. 'As I am going to England, I've dropped the H.'" We asked our informant whether he thought this brilliant sally was pining unpublished among those two thousand suppressed volumes, and he said it was not unlikely. Did he think that its publication would endanger the peace of the Anglo-Saxon race, or, at any rate, the settlement of the Alaskan boundary question? He said that was a point for the higher diplomacy, and refused to commit himself.

The American public has an incredible appetite for anecdote, which vexes public men more than the proverbial want of pence. Before Mr. Choate's appointment there was some talk of Mr. Chauncey Depew as Ambassador. Mr. Depew has the repute of having made more jokes after dinner than any other railroad president of his time. This brings the inevitable penalty. There are cynics who say that Mr. Depew repeats himself. As he has been telling stories for a generation, and as the newspapers of his country have been telling stories and putting them down to him, it is not surprising that his public suffers occasionally from a malady of weariness and calls it Depew. Captain Boycott contributed an imperishable word to the English language; why not a too fluent and affable president of an American railroad? When an audience is overcome by the tedious iteration of a speaker, will some daring reporter say that everybody was depewed? "He will hang upon him like a disease," says Beatrice, when she hears that some man is giving ear to her arch-tormentor. "Heaven help him if he have caught the Benedick!" Will such a prayer be offered up for the after-dinner listeners who have caught the Depew? We ask this question because our American informant, who disclaimed all knowledge of "The Choate Jest-Book," proceeded to tell us a story of the Depew Jest-Book which, he said, was once laid before a public gathering. Mr. Depew was about to deliver a speech when a large volume labelled "Depew's Old Jokes," with a striking portrait of the author on the cover, was hoisted at the end of the table, and an assurance was demanded that none of the supposed contents would be served up again. Mr. Depew, commendably free from embarrassment, was about to proceed, when a phonograph concealed in a corner of the room—a "babble machine," as Mr. H. G. Wells calls it in his romance "When the Sleeper Wakes"—poured out a long string of anecdotes told by Mr. Depew, or fathered upon him, for a considerable number of years.

We decline to believe that the suppression of "The Choate Jest-Book" was prompted by a dread of any such revelation, and that the publisher means to absent himself from the felicity of public dinners, enlivened by the Ambassador's eloquence, lest he should listen to stories which are sleeping upon his shelves. Whatever treasures of humour Mr. Choate may have bequeathed to his countrymen, we cherish the hope that the English atmosphere does not weigh heavily upon his invention. We are said to be a phlegmatic people; but we are not wholly devoid of humour, and of the desire to encourage humour in others. It may be (and this is a serious contingency) that Mr. Choate is overawed by his new post. He may have looked into the traditions of his predecessors and found that they were not contributors to suppressed jest-books. Mr. Bayard never made a joke in his life. You might search all the reports of his speeches and not find a single "laughter," though it is well known that a reporter will interject that tribute in his "copy" on the smallest provocation. If anybody twitches an eyebrow at a point in a speech which has the slightest humorous suggestion, down goes "laughter" in the shorthand note. Mr. Phelps seldom if ever joked. Mr. Lowell did indulge in witticisms; but they were

too subtle to be compiled by publishers on either side of the ocean. In America, public opinion was inclined to regard them superciliously as adapted to the intelligence of the Britisher. So we suspect that when Mr. Choate took up his official residence in London, and consulted Mr. Henry White as to the proprieties which must be observed by virtue of precedent, he was staggered to learn that not a solitary joke lingered in the archives of the Embassy. Imagine his feelings, on looking into a morning paper, to find "The Choate Jest-Book" swaggering hilariously in the publisher's advertisements! For a while there may have been a desperate hunt for some authority behind which this publication might take shelter. There was Joe Miller, but he was not an ambassador. Probably Mr. Choate rushed down to the British Museum, asked for American chestnuts, and was referred to "Forestry" in the catalogue. At last the fatal truth could no longer be resisted: his was the only jest-book with ambassadorial pretensions, and the sagacious Mr. Henry White was compelled to tell him that it would never do!

Now, with every desire to respect Mr. Choate's privacy, we have a dreadful hankering after one of those suppressed copies. Of course, the publisher would not sell it for its weight in gold; but he is an Englishman, and we are tempted to address to him this insidious argument: "Like the rest of us, you are in favour of the Anglo-American understanding; you wish to see permanent amity between the two great branches of our race. Good; far be it from our purpose to deprecate so excellent a sentiment. Still, as a practical man, you must grant the necessity of preparing ourselves for any sudden breach. Why not keep a shot in the locker? You have on the shelf what might prove a most formidable projectile. Hand over a copy of 'The Choate Jest-Book,' and in some unforeseen complication we may be able to turn the scale by threatening to publish extracts. Ha! don't you see? Suppose America should turn peevish, and the Ambassador should deem it his duty to represent that peevishness to the Foreign Office as a very proper irritation. Well, we call on him in the dead of the night and say, 'Look here, friend Choate, unless you back down with all your might, we shall take the liberty of giving copious excerpts from your Jest-Book. Do you remember the case of the old lady who brought an action to recover damages for an assault upon her rabbit by a neighbour's cockatoo, and what you said on behalf of the defendant? Ah! you turn pale. Well, all that shall be printed next Saturday if you don't induce your Government to come off?' Very likely there is no authentic cockatoo and rabbit story; but a humorous American lawyer cannot remember everything he ever said in court. Armed with a copy of the Jest-Book, we shall propose to read it to him till dawn, and then a diplomatist with bloodshot eyes will hasten to a telegraph office and cable peace and goodwill to the United States." The publisher, we think, would obey the call of patriotism. We will not dwell upon the subject further. A hint ought to be sufficient for a man of Mr. Choate's acumen.

NOVEL-WRITERS AND THEIR CREATURES.

LAST week, in discussing a novel by Mr. Mallock, we had occasion to touch upon a question of more than incidental interest. Is a novel-writer entitled to have likes and dislikes as regards his characters? He is. Some of the characters are good men, or good women; some are bad; and if the novel-writer had no bias in favour of the one set he would be a person indifferent to right and wrong, a person to whom vice was as good as virtue, and therefore a person whose views on any subject the world should have no desire to hear. It may be said, indeed, that a novel-writer is successful, and esteemed great, almost exactly in proportion to the strength of his moral instincts. Righteousness of bias is what the people, classes and masses alike, demand of those who seek to entertain them by fiction. The demand is not made consciously; but compliance with it is an invariable condition of the novel-writer's success. In certain modern instances it is the only condition. It is so in the case of the religious novels which have had a vogue within recent years. If the authors of those stories abated the vehemence of their love of right and hatred of wrong, the circulation of their works would decline by leaps and bounds. Hatred of vice is their only virtue. It is necessary to say this, because, apart from their greatness as exhibitions of moral fervour, the novels to which we are alluding cannot be considered literature at all. In other words, the reading public is always ready to confer untold guineas and glory without stint upon any lady or gentleman who has a genius for high moral tone. We see this in the theatre as well as in the reading-room. Shakespeare spells ruin; but *The Sign of the Cross* stirs the great heart and empties the tight pocket of the people. It is clear, then, not only that the writer of fiction is entitled to have a bias in favour of some of his characters and against others, but also that he must. The sympathies and antipathies of the people urge him to have a bias. If he obeys the command, he is on the way to success; if he disobeys, he is on the road to failure. Of the many theories why the plays of Shakespeare have only a sporadic prosperity in London and no prosperity at all in the provinces, we deem our own the best. The public are never quite sure which side the author is taking. In *Hamlet*, for example, he does not treat the wicked mother of the hero and her spouse with sufficient severity, and in Shylock it is not in the least obvious that he is a sound Anti-Semite. Authors such as Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett are much more satisfactory. There is never any doubt as to the sympathies and antipathies of those geniuses. They hold up to nature a magic mirror in which virtue sees its own image beautified 10 per cent. and vice beholds its hideous mien suffering from a thoroughly usurious discount.

The relative standings of other authors can be explained by the considerations which show why, as a popular man, Shakespeare is simply not in the running with either of the rivals whom we have mentioned. What publisher would think of giving Mr. Meredith the "rate per thou'" that is cheerfully meted out to Miss ——, a lady whose desire for privacy we must not disregard? If one could be found to do so, we should join with the Prophet Baxter in proclaiming the dawn of the millennium. Whilst Miss ——'s moral tendencies are quite unmistakable and thoroughly orthodox, one can never tell, from his novels, that Mr. Meredith has any morals at all. Whenever there is a scoundrel in his book, as in "The Egoist," the man actually comes forth, when all is said and done, at least half a gentleman. Any lady writer would have had a quicker and more stringent way with him. He would never, in her hands, have been allowed to think a thought which was even half good, and would never have missed an opportunity to be as wicked as a blackguard should. That is the proper style. If the villain in a melodrama is a lordling, he must do something in keeping with the known habits of youthful peers. He used to tear the door-bell out, and wrench the knocker off; but his infamy has naturally developed with the progress of the years, and now it is necessary that he should do some outrageous act for the benefit of the pure in heart. He must either have two wives or be devoted to one that is not his. Both Mr. Hardy and Mr. Mallock try their hands at this business; but only a female fictionist can do it well. The men writers merely trifle with the subject. Instead of bestowing wholesale condemnation on

the profligate, they actually turn him out, at the end, almost fit to enter a decent drawing-room or go to church. That is why authors such as Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Mallock will never be popular. They lack thoroughness, just as Shakespeare lacked it; and, like him, they must take the consequences. Their rates per thou' will steadily decline, and the reading public will have cause for joy at the increasing evidence, furnished by statistics from the free libraries and such figures about the popularity of authors as may be found in *The Academy* and *The Bookman*, that a wicked person is wholly wicked, with no shadow of turning towards the good and true. It may be remarked that one of the lady writers made Satan the hero of a tale, and that that shows our theory to be wrong, or at any rate that there are exceptions to our rule; but the objection is more apparent than real. The devil is the devil, no doubt; but he is not always devilish, it seems; in the case referred to he was a sorrowing saint, with a burning desire to mend his ways. At least, so we are informed by trustworthy persons who say they have read the book.

Lest anyone should strive towards our undoing by the help of Sir Walter Scott, we will anticipate the objection. Sir Walter is a popular man; yet he never paints his villains very black. In "The Talisman," indeed, he actually presents the Sultan of Turkey as a courteous, generous, finished gentleman, with whom, when not fighting, the chivalry of England, even the Knights Templar, are willing to associate on equal terms. What are we to make of that? We admit it to be a hard nut to crack, and if we could not crack it we should tear this essay to bits and start on another tack; but we can. It is quite true that we do not remember a single person in all Sir Walter's acquaintance who was such a blackguard that we should refuse to shake hands with him if he looked in to pass the time of day; yet we will not admit that Sir Walter starves our emotions on one side without compensating us on the other. In as far as he is stingy of badness in his wicked characters, he is equivalently generous with nobility in his good ones. In the very novel in which he is not sufficiently down upon the Turk, he makes the hero good enough and brave enough for three heroes. The book is not to our hand; but we remember a very fine bit which bears us out. It is where King Richard puts the hero on solitary guard over the camp at dead o' night. "If more than three attack thee," said the King, on leaving, "blow thy bugle." Now, that shows how generous Sir Walter is in presenting to the public the noblest attributes of man. If only one Turk, or two Turks, came along, the youth was not to disturb the King or any other man in the sleeping army of England, but just to go quietly fighting on till breakfast time. It is by such means that Sir Walter remains a popular man. Whilst he cannot see so much of the evil that men do as is perfectly plain to the female fictionists, he sees much more good, both in men and in women, than they see, and so does us no injustice. By similar reasoning, we could rope into our argument many other novel-writers, notably Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray; but we have been neglecting Mr. Mallock, and the "devil" is clamouring for our copy. Why is it that Mr. Mallock's novels, which in many respects are of unrivalled brilliance, instead of capturing the popular fancy, raise bitter resentment in many minds? We think we can answer this by reference to an incident of which the present writer was a witness. Three or four men looking on at a game of billiards were discussing Mr. Hardy's works. "It may be aristocratic prejudice," said one of them; "but I really can't take any interest in stories which deal with either the loves and joys or the sorrows of the poor." The author of that sentiment, which is surely the stupidest ever uttered, was an aristocrat of mature age. What would Mr. Mallock say if we made our billiard-room acquaintance the central figure in a novel designed to cast ridicule on the upper classes? If he gives the right answer to that question he will realise why his own novels raise a certain resentment in the minds of many who would prefer to find in them unqualified delight.

THE DRAMA.

Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet.

MDME. BERNHARDT'S Hamlet is a curio. Her exploit is to serious histrionic art precisely what a model of the Laocöon group in wax or of Windsor Castle in blanc-mange is to the art of sculpture—a *tour de force* with an inappropriate material. This must happen whenever any woman impersonates any man in sober earnest, and not in merry jest as a professed travesty. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." Johnson's impolite comparison would have applied with even more force to tragedy-queens figuring as men. It may be argued that there is a colourable pretext for the adventure in the case of Hamlet, because of the woman in him. He had the artistic temperament, and, as Balzac says in one of his recently published letters to Mdme. Hanska, "les artistes sont un peu femmes." Hamlet had the fragility and mobility of a woman, and a touch, too, of hysteria. But this is not the same thing as an exchange of sex—"a man's a man for a' that"—and a woman can no more present the partly feminine Hamlet than a man can present the partly masculine Lady Macbeth. From first to last, then, that sense of illusion which is vital to tragedy is denied to Mdme. Bernhardt's Hamlet. The mere poise of her body and *timbre* of her voice—to leave all mental differences on one side—forbid it. Orange peel and water, said the Marchioness, taste like wine—if you make-believe very much. But no amount of make-believe will persuade you that Mdme. Bernhardt's Hamlet is anyone but Mdme. Berhardt, disguised in flaxen wig and inky cloak and customary suit of solemn black.

There is another insuperable obstacle in Mdme. Bernhardt's way besides her sex; her race, to wit. For, while she is a Dutch Jewess by birth, she is by temperament and training a Frenchwoman; whereas Hamlet is English to the backbone, and that for the very sufficient reason that he is a projection of William Shakespeare. It is well to bear this in mind, because we are apt to concentrate our attention on what is also a truth—his universality, the type he presents of doubting, dreaming, will-less humanity. We say he is like Orestes and René and a hundred other variants of the type, of all races; and so he is; but he is like them with a difference, and what constitutes the difference is the mind and nature of William Shakespeare, the Englishman. When Shakespeare took him in hand he was, as we know, merely the hero of a revenge-drama, but the really remarkable and curious thing about Shakespeare's treatment of the given subject is the ease and joy with which he throws off the revenge-drama at every moment, in order to present his hero not as an avenger but as a projection of himself—as a man thinking and feeling what he, William Shakespeare, could not but think and feel, all ghosts and sacred missions and family vengeance notwithstanding. To represent Hamlet (and justify Goethe's exegesis by anticipation) as the meditative student crushed by the duty of action would have been simple enough—and would have resulted in what *Hamlet* notoriously is not, a straightforward, plain-sailing, acting play—but Shakespeare could not resist the temptation to cram himself into it, all his virtuosity and dilettantism, his keen interest in life as a spectacle and as a game to be played, his intense vital energy and *joie de vivre*. For Hamlet is not naturally

melancholy, any more than Othello is naturally jealous. His scenes with the players, with the grave-diggers, with Osric, prove the inherent buoyancy of his nature, its humorous appreciation of all things human.

There is not a trace of this in Mdme. Bernhardt's Hamlet. The peculiarity of the performance is that she has gone as far as she can to take out of the play everything that Shakespeare put into it. It is a case of "reversion to type," and we get back to the old revenge-drama. The philosophy goes, the enjoyment of life goes, all the Shakespeare strain in Hamlet goes; and we are presented with a young man who never loses sight of his purpose of revenge. When he should be sunk in reverie or torn by self-doubt, he declaims—always in the same tone and rhythm, *accelerando* and *crescendo*—or else has a feminine *crise des nerfs*. He is "fatal" from the outset, marching as straight as Orestes to a clearly foreseen goal. The French, as Matthew Arnold took care not to let us forget, have a genius for lucidity, and this Hamlet is as simple as A B C, as clear as noonday. That is, it is exactly what Hamlet is not. It is a simplification—by the process of stultification.

And so you get the husk of Hamlet without the kernel—a very picturesque and dramatic husk, to be sure—just the sort of play which Mdme. Bernhardt, with her instinct for stage effect and her incapacity of fathoming Shakespeare's mind and philosophy, naturally supposes *Hamlet* to be. And how interesting she makes this external drama! What ingenuity and feminine tact she brings to the illustration of minor points of the action! Polonius comes in to interrupt her reading. Up go her legs, full length on the settle, so that he shall have no chance of sitting down. Does she need the "recorders"? One of the players is made to pass at the back of the stage, and she snatches the instrument from him. With what gusto she thrusts it into Guildenstern's face! "Buzz, buzz," says Hamlet in the text. Mdme. Bernhardt makes believe to catch a fly, and slowly opens her palm under Polonius his nose. Mdme. Jane May did not do the trick better in *L'Enfant Prodigue*. When she comes to the clown, in her speech to the players, she addresses herself to that performer, who is lighting the candles on the stage. Adroit "business"! Unfortunately, the whole speech is delivered in the wrong key, with a professional air—for when it comes to expounding the principles of histrionics, who is entitled to speak *ex cathedrâ* if not Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt? She forgets that Hamlet was only a gifted amateur. When *The Mousetrap* reaches the critical scene, she crawls up the dais and stares the king full in the face. As he is rushing out, she dashes the torch in his eyes. One could mention a score of other novel ingenuities—her toying with Yorick's skull, her dramatically defiant pause on discovering Laertes his trick with the poisoned rapier, and so forth. In short, she has given the old play a bright new coat of "luminous paint." But not once has she pierced an opening for fresh light on the soul within. For the soul is no longer there to be illuminated.

For these reasons her performance must be dismissed, as I say, for a mere curio. That serious French critics have taken it seriously shows very conclusively what needed no demonstration, that Shakespeare was a true-born Englishman. The Gallic spirit pervades the rest of the play. Mdlle. Mellot is an Ophelia who was educated at the Sacré Cœur—you expect her to say every moment "Oh, ma mère," until you bethink you that Polonius was a widower. Polonius himself is own brother to M. Perrichon. The prose version of MM. Eugène Morand and Marcel Schwab is commendably faithful. Here and there they have had to confess defeat. "Un peu plus que germain, un peu moins que du même germe" is neat, but not the same thing as "A little more than kin and less than kind"; nor are "cygne" and "corbeau" equivalents for "hawk" and "heronshaw." But the translation is never ridiculous. And M. Gabriel Pierné has supplied some good incidental music.

A. B. W.

THE PERILS OF WILD-BEAST TRAINING.

THE owner of a menagerie knows that there is no more certain draw to the pay-box than a performance with trained or tamed animals. Consequently, when one of these travelling exhibitions is on the road the agent in advance makes sure that the posting-stations in every town are gay with coloured bills, on which a theatrically-garbed individual is depicted surrounded by furious lions, tigers, leopards, bears, and wolves, which he is keeping at a respectful distance with the revolver in each hand. Everyone has seen such posters, the end-of-the-century representatives of the pictures with which Wombwell decorated the front of his show. It is of little consequence that they are exaggerated in every respect. They serve their purpose and awaken interest, and are sure to attract a crowd of spectators to the performances of the so-called "Lion King."

There is another picture which rises before the mental vision by no means so attractive, yet representing a scene that has occurred all too often as the result of such performances. The beasts huddled in a corner, where they have been driven by the attendants outside; the performer stretched prone on the floor of the den, which is dabbled with blood; the whip lying near the hand that shall grasp it no more—these are things that must have been imagined by almost every tamer, though he may firmly believe that his good luck will enable him to escape the mishaps which have overtaken others. Only last week in a menagerie a tamed bear turned on its tamer, struck him down, and attempted to tear him with its teeth. There was the usual dreadful scene—wild confusion among the spectators, attendants driving the infuriated beast to the front of the cage with bars so that the tamer might be removed, and the bearing away the injured man—who was said to be in a "terrible condition"—to the hospital. The bear was lassoed and shot by another tamer, so that it escaped the cruel "pounding" which not rarely falls to the lot of beasts that turn on their trainers. Bears are not often "performed" in this country, though they are commonly seen on the Continent. Pezon, the celebrated French tamer, was attacked by one, and had a narrow escape of his life, for the beast pinned him down and stripped the flesh from one leg. He was only saved by the entrance of his son into the cage; for the young man, who had never before been in a den with wild animals, succeeded in beating off the bear. Albert (another French trainer), however, had little dread of them, for when his bears were fighting he opened the cage door, and though they had already drawn blood, he seized them by the neck and separated them, saying laughingly (and somewhat theatrically), "These bears were going to kill each other. It's a good job I was there." Quite recently a lady performer in England acknowledged to an interviewer the dangers of the business; for she said she quite expected that some day her lions would turn on her and, as she put it, "become her executioners." There is, of course, no means of knowing whether this represented her true sentiments, or whether the speech was in the nature of *réclame*.

The chief difficulty lies not so much in training the animals as in making the tricks or performance "come off" with certainty. It is a small matter if one's pet cat will not jump over a stick or beg when called upon, or if one's fox-terrier starts up and runs away when it should be "dead." But it is a very serious business for a lion or a leopard to sulk, and refuse to leap over the outstretched whip or bar or through a hoop, and so throw the whole drive, or trot, round the den into confusion. Here, then, a great element of difficulty, and consequently of danger, is introduced; and the performer, whose bread depends upon his success, must have recourse to strong measures. The question is at once raised, Who is master, the man or the beast? So long as the

trainer retains the whip hand, and can compel obedience by punishment, all will go well; but as soon as his authority is questioned, trouble and danger begin. This was the view of the late Mr. A. D. Bartlett, for nearly forty years superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; and he committed himself to the statement that almost all who have engaged in these dangerous exhibitions have been either killed or maimed for life. It may be questioned if statistics would quite bear this out. But no one will hesitate to accept his conclusion that since the strength of a man, as compared with any of the larger carnivora, is extremely small, an encounter must mean mutilation or death to the performer.

There are two ways of maintaining and enforcing the authority of the trainer over his animals. Undoubtedly the best method is that of personal influence, which enables some men to handle and quiet vicious horses, and others at once to win the confidence of savage dogs. Examples of this plan of "performing" wild animals have been given by Martin and Pezon in France, and by Van Ambergh, Crockett, and Cooper in this country. Martin claimed to have done what, according to his statement, no other trainer had accomplished—that is, to have rendered his beasts really tame; and many years ago, when Lucas was killed, he pointed to that trainer's tragic end as the natural result of handling beasts that had not been properly tamed. These performers discarded all show of force. They took no weapon into the den with them, and carried at most a slight riding-whip. Yet some of these did not escape attack. Pezon, as has already been stated, was severely mauled by a bear; and Martin himself, who lived to be ninety, and died in his bed, was attacked by a lion, which clawed his thigh and took him in its mouth and shook him, injuring him so badly that he was laid up for three months. The other method is that of terrorism, in which the whip, with heavy thong or of plaited wire, figures far too prominently. The animals are forced through their performance; and though the flash and noise of pistol-shots and the glare of blue lights may enhance the spectacular effect, such display cannot give a tithe of the pleasure derived from a performance where the animals play their parts in subjection to the guiding will of the trainer.

The question has more than once been raised as to whether such performances should not be forbidden by law. The element of danger cannot be eliminated, though it may be reduced within narrow limits. On the whole, the advantages seem to be on the side of liberty—that is, of permitting such performances, on the part of male trainers only, provided that everything that savours of cruelty be rigidly excluded. This last condition would probably be best brought about by abolishing the distinction between animals that are and those that are not domesticated, for then it would be no more allowable to beat a lion with bars or a gorilla with a cart-whip than it would be to maltreat a dog or a cat, and the punishment of such misdoing would be the same. It was on this broad ground that M. Marcks wanted to fight the case brought against him for alleged ill-treatment of the lions at the Aquarium a few years ago. The cruelty was absolutely denied; but, unfortunately, the case was not fully gone into, and the summons was dismissed on technical grounds, and the appeal from the magistrate's decision met the same fate. It must be admitted that performances which evidence the mastery of man over the lower animals give considerable pleasure to large numbers of people. Moreover they serve one distinctly useful purpose in keeping up a class of men who, to a greater or less degree, know how to break and train animals. And their skill in training animals for the entertainment of man might well be utilised for breaking and training them for his service. The man who can handle a lion or a leopard ought to have no difficulty with a horse or a dog.

BROKEN MEMORIES.

"Mr. ——, the well-known merchant, is building a fine house, half a mile from the —— Road. Close upon two acres of woodland have been felled, where, by the way, the largest and juiciest blackberries I know used to be found."—*London Local Newspaper.*

AND in this way many suburbans have seen the paradise of their boyhood effaced. The building rises during some long farewell, and steals away a fraction of the very sky in which once we beheld Orion sink down like a falling sword into the west and its line of battlemented woods. Only here and there a coppice will survive, blockaded by houses a-row. Sometimes a well-beloved pleasaunce is left almost as it was; the trees are the same; the voices are the same; a silence is there still; but there is a caret somewhere—in ourselves or in the place. In childhood we went there as often as our legs could bear us so far; oftener yet in youth; but less and less with time. Then, perhaps, we travel—anyway we live feverishly and variously; and only think of the old places when the fire is tranquil and lights are out, and each into himself descends, or when we meet one who was once a friend, or when we lay open a forgotten drawer. A very slender chain only binds us to the gods of forest and field—but binds us nevertheless. Then we take the old walk, it maybe, in a walking suit of the best; fearful of mire; carrying a field-glass too; and smoking the pipe that used to seem an insult so intolerable in the great woods. We take the old walk, and it seems shorter than before, a walk not formidable at all, as it was in the years when the end used to find us testy with fatigue and overpowered by tumultuous impressions; when we ourselves thought the sea itself could not be far, and the names of village and hill we visited were unknown.

A railway bisects the common we cross. Everything is haggard and stale; the horizon is gone; and the spirit chafes and suffocates for lack of it. (But the gorse is in flower still.) Then the feet weary on gravel paths downhill. On either side are fields, edged by flaccid suburban grass, with an odour as of tombs—as though nothing fair could blossom in a soil that must be the sepulchre of many divinities. And again the pathway is dogged by houses, interrupting the fields. The former sanity and amenity of air is gone. We can no longer shorten the way to the next houses by a path from the willowy riverside over fields, for the willows are down, the fields heavily burdened with streets. Another length of mean houses, neither urban nor rustic, but both, where I remember the wretched children's discordant admiration of the abundant gold hair of a passer-by; and soon the bridge over a railway gives a view across plantations of cabbage, etc. But the view is comforting—there is a horizon! There is a horizon barred with poplar trees to the south; the streets are behind, in the north. The horizon is dear to us yet, as the possible home of the unknown and the greatly desired, as the apparent birthplace and tomb of setting and rising suns; from under it the clouds mount, and under it again they return after crossing the sky. A like mystery is about it as when we were children playing upon a broad, treeless common, and actually long continued running in pursuit of the horizon.

After three miles in all we leave the turnpike, to follow a new but grassy road out among the fields, under lines of acacia and poplar and horse-chestnut last. Once more the ploughland shows us the twinkling flight of pewits; the well, and the quaking water uplifted in a shining band where it touches the stones; the voices of sparrows while the trees are dripping in the dawn; and overhead the pompous mobilisation of cloud armadas, so imposing in a country where they tilt against ebony boughs. . . . . In a thicket some gipsies have encamped, and two of them—superb youths, with favours of raven hair

blowing across the dusky roses of their cheeks—have jumped from their labour to hear the postman reading their letters. Several pipe-sucking bird-catchers are at watch over an expanse of nets. We cross a ploughland half within the sovereignty of the forest shadow. Here is the wood!

The big wood we called it. So well we knew it, and for so many years,—wandered here with weeping like Imogen's, and with laughter like Yorick's laughter,—that when past years bulk into the likeness of a forest, through which the memory takes its pleasure at eventide,

> Or in clear dream or solemn vision,

it is really this wood that we see, under a halcyon sky.

It covered two acres in the midst of ploughland; but we thought of it as enormous, because in it we often lost one another; it had such diversity; it made so genuine a solitude. The straight oaks rising branchless for many feet expanded and then united boughs in a firmament of leaves. It seemed far enough from "that unrest which men miscall delight" for feelings of security. But even of that our thoughts have changed; for the houses are fearfully close—a recollection of them lingers in the heart of the wood; and perhaps they will devour it also. . . . Who shall measure the sorrow of him that hath set his heart upon that which the world hath power to destroy, and hath destroyed? Even to-day the circuit of a cemetery is cutting into the field where we gathered buttercups before the dignity of knickerbockers. And here was a solitude. We cannot summon up any thought or reverie which had not in this wood its nativity. 'Tis we have changed! And if we could paint, and wished to make a picture of our youth with its seriousness and its folly, we should paint in this wood, instead of in a hostel-yard, another Don Quixote watching his armour all night after the false accolade.

The dark earth itself was pleasant to handle—earth one might wish to be buried in—and had the healthy and special quality of wild earth: upon it you could rest deliciously. (Compare the artificial soil of a London common with it!) Out of this rose up trees that preserved their wild attitudes. The age-fallen or tempest-uprooted oak tree lay where it dropped, or hung balanced in the boughs of others. Tenderest bramble spray or feeler of honeysuckle bridged with security those gaps in the underwood that served as paths. And the winds were husbandmen, reapers and sowers thereof. Though, indeed, the trees were ordered with an incongruous juxtaposition of birch and oak and elm, it seemed to us a fragment of the primeval forest left by a possible good fortune at the city verge. But it was more than this. With its lofty roof and the mysterious flashes of light in the foliaged clerestory, with its shapely boles in cluster and colonnade, and the glimpses of bright white sky that came and went among the leaves, the forest had a real likeness to a temple. Shelley's Ode to the West Wind and passages of Adonais were the *ediscenda* of our devotions.

Here we saw the grim jewellery of winter in fallen leaf and bow of grass; gold and purple colouring inseparable from the snow upon boughs overhead; the hills far away sombre and yet white with snow; and on the last of the icy mornings, the sward beaming with melted frost, and the frost only persisting on the ample shadows with which the trees stamp the grass. Here we saw the coming of Spring, when the liquid orbed leaves of toad-flax crept out of a barren stone, like water from desert rocks. Full of joy we watched here the "sweet and twenty" of perfect Summer, when the matin shadows were once deleted, and the dew-globes evaporated from the harebell among the fern, or twinkled as they fell silently underfoot. But the favourite of memory is a certain flower-shadowing tree whose unbrowned branches had been earthward bent by the swinging of boyish generations, and cast over all the grasses shadow like the train of a royal mantle let fall by the great tree. Foliage and shadow muffled the sight, and seated there in profound emerald moss, the utmost you achieved was to find a name for each of the little anonymous thicket flowers. If you raised your head you would have seen in a tumultuous spasm of sunshine—say at mid March—the blue smoke upcoiling between the boughs of overhanging trees far off and dissipated in the dashing air; the trees shining in their leaflessness like amber and dark agate; above that the woodland seared in black upon the heated horizon blue;—but you never raised your head. For hours you could here have peace, among the shadows embroidered with flowers of the colour of gold. All which tantalises—sun and clouds and for ever inaccessible horizon—was locked out; only (like a golden bar across a gloomy coat of arms) one sunbeam across the brown wood; thrushes and blackbirds warbled unseen. The soul—this made a cage bird of it. The eagle's apotheosis in the fires of the sun was envied not. What a subtle diversity of needled herbs and grass there is in the plainest field carpet! all miniature after close cropping of rabbit and sheep; auriferous dandelion, plumed self-heal, dainty trefoil, plantain, delicate feathered grasses, starry blossomed heather, illuminations of tormentil, unsearchable moss forests, and there jewelled insects, rosy centaury; nearly all in flower together, and the whole not deep enough to hide a field-mouse.

A dim solitude thus circumscribed liked us hugely. We loved not the insolent and importunate splendours of perfect light. We loved rather the dimness that has inhabited for centuries old libraries in backwaters of the world. Cobwebs and wholesome dust—we needed some of both in the corners of our minds. They mature the wine of the spirit perhaps. We would always have had, as it were, a topmost and nearly inaccessible file of tomes, which we never read, but often planned to read—records peradventure of unvictorious alchymist and astrologer. Thither a sunbeam never penetrated and unmasked. The savour of paraffin and brickdust should never cling about it. Unfortunate (we thought) is he who has no dusty and never-explored recesses in his mind! Fortunate is that sweet and simple character that is content to watch the sunlight and gross earth in springtime turning mystically to the buttercup's pure gold.

EDWARD THOMAS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WEST AFRICA PROBLEM.

SIR,—I should be very grateful to you if you could spare me space to make a few remarks on the very interesting article on "British Rule in West Africa" that appeared in THE SPEAKER for the 10th inst. I would not trouble you were it not that the writer, Mr. L. M. Byles, honours me too much in referring to "the weight" of my authority in the matter. Now, I am at best only a collector of ethnological material for the service of philosophic ethnologists, and I merely take an interest in the political bearings of British rule in West Africa because I was brought up under the influence of Sir Henry Main and Sir John Seeley; and I consider—for reasons I have attempted to state with the greatest care and moderation—that the present system employed by England in the administration of West Africa, namely the Crown Colony system, is a very bad system. This is not a patent private opinion of my own. Barring the officials of the Colonial Office in London and Governors of Crown Colonies, I believe it to be, in varying forms of intensity, the opinion of all men who know personally anything about the affair. Mr. L. M. Byles evidently is himself not a worshipper of the present system. The difference between him and me is that he thinks the Crown Colony system can be given "many years of honourable life" by means of internal reform, by the institution of a regular African Service. I sincerely believe the Crown Colony system to be one of those characters best reformed by hanging. Doubtless one might feel a sentimental desire that before it died it had a little honourable bit of life—one fair moment ere it died; but feeling sentimental about a system is so difficult to me that I will not attempt it. However, I hasten to state I have much admiration for the long

advocated scheme Mr. Byles favours—the establishment of a West African Service. Before I, all alone and by myself, attempted to formulate an alternative plan to the Crown Colony for the administration of West Africa, I went most carefully into the consideration of Mr. Byles's plan, and was informed the matter had been considered up here and found to be quite impracticable. This went to the strengthening of my conviction that the Crown Colony system was a fossil incapable of growth like a living thing—merely capable of growth by the aggregation of particles externally. It could get harder, it could get bigger, it could weigh heavier; but that was all. I will say no more about the Crown Colony system here beyond begging to assure you that I have never once said a single word against the men, either the men in the Colonial Office or the men on the Coast who work it. They are not to be blamed for the system. Had they not been excellent men, so bad a thing as the system would long ago have gone to—where I sincerely believe it will go.

There is another point of issue between Mr. Byles and myself—namely, traders. He evidently has not that confidence in the traders I have, and I respectfully attribute this to his having a more restricted acquaintance with them. For example, he cites having been unable to obtain information from traders at Cape Coast concerning special fetish customs of the Fantis. Well, I own I and every student of fetish are constantly liable to an ardent desire to place every missionary, Government official, and trader into a bag with brick and cast them into the ocean, because they do not know things about why the native ladies do their back hair like that? and so on. Still, a wider knowledge of traders will show you they, at any rate, know far more about the natives' method of thought than other resident white men in West Africa; and I have received since 1893 continuous help and invaluable information on native customs from a trader at Cape Coast Castle. Moreover, I can point to the published work of M. le Comte C. N. de Cardi, who traded in the Oil Rivers; Mr. Eveleigh Smith, who has—thanks to Mr. Fitzgerald Marriott—placed remarkable information at the service of students; Mr. R. E. Dennett, who—thanks to the Folklore Society—has told us so much about the Fjorte people; and last, but very far from least, the friend of Sir Richard Burton, the man to whom Burton owed so much of his knowledge of West Africa, Mr. R. B. N. Walker—the man who first opened up the Ogowe river, and whose scientific work in the collection of specimens, in the study of the native languages, and in the department of geographical investigation, stands alone, unequalled in the West African region. I own few of the traders publish their information. I think with regret, mixed with rage, of Captain Boler—to whom I owe my knowledge of the African's method of thought—of Mr. Coxon, Mr. Forshaw, Mr. Harris, Mr.——. But there are dozens of traders who know pretty well everything there is to know about the West African native; and the interesting thing about it is that these men, who do know, are all every bit as friendly in feeling towards the unadulterated African as I am. It is only the young, the inexperienced, and the hysterical who regard the African bushman as a beast or a baby. Still, I am grateful to Mr. Byles for having gone for those traders about their silence, for it would be an extremely convenient thing for me to have all their information on fetish affairs down on paper, and the rest of it would add to the gaiety of nations, and do solid good in removing from the mind of the general public and the politicians the absolutely ridiculously wrong caricature these good people have in their minds of West Africa. As for that railway affair the traders were quiet about, well, there was more in it than met the eye, and I must say I consider the rate of advance in railway construction in West Africa, once the thing has been started, has been excellent.

In conclusion, Sir, I beg you do not fall into the error of regarding me as obstinate as a mule, or saying, like certain trader friends of mine, that the only time I got an opinion knocked out of me was when I was blown backwards off a bank into a deep river by an explosion of some gunpowder which I had stated to be "scandalously adulterated." I really can alter my opinion if there are facts I can rely on that point to the opinion being wrong, and I assure you I would very willingly alter my opinion on the Crown Colony system and on the nature of the African. If I could alter it, if I could think about the whole affair like so many people up here do, I could have a restful happy time of it. Intoxicated by catch phrases, I could in a golden dream happily see England sailing to disaster in tropical Africa, see the Africans being fought with for things that in a Kruger, or a Continental Power, are regarded as merely amiable weaknesses; I could read in all the papers with admiration and satisfaction the true things being said so nicely in support of the Uitlanders of Johannisburg. They would not irritate me as they do now, when I know that under England's own flag in the Crown Colonies of West Africa Englishmen—pure full-blooded fellow countrymen of our own, men who pay for the administration of English territory—are in exactly the same political position as the Uitlanders are under Mr. President Kruger. These men are the West African traders.—I am, yours truly,

MARY H. KINGSLEY.

32, St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington, W., June 13th.

LIBERALS AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

SIR,—In answer to "a Liberal M.P." allow me to say that I only professed to give some of the reasons for "staving off Disestablishment as long as possible." Other reasons are given in a little booklet of mine—"The Church's Opportunity." Others, and many others, may be found stated elsewhere.

1. That it would prevent a union of the Church of England with the Nonconformist bodies on the one hand, and with the people on the other. "M.P." considers this hope of union a dream. Well, that is a fair matter of opinion on which one might argue interminably. I stick to my "dream," and I ask for my Church a fair trial at the hands of my fellow-Liberals.

2. That the Church, when disestablished, will become a mere sect, with a form of ecclesiasticism repellent to the average layman and the people at large. "M.P." says that the layman will play a new and leading part in a reconstituted Church, as in Ireland; and that a well-ordered sect is better than the existing chaos. If "M.P." really cares that the Church should become in deed what it is now in name, he will already have thought out *how* the average layman and the people at large are to play a "new and leading part in a reconstituted Church"; and I would make the word "how" contain both the willingness and the power of the layman. But I am sorry to say he does not tell us. The leaven of reform now working in the Anglican Church may presently throw open the gates to representatives and self-government amongst other things; yet, if it is in the meantime disestablished, it will, I fear, harden into an Anglican sect of a particularly severe type, with its gates forbiddenly closed. And I should very much like to know the love-song which would then draw the average layman and the people at larg to its side. The Irish Church, though doing excellent work amongst a portion of the minority there, is exactly that which we do not wish to set up in England, and it cannot serve as an example, as the conditions are not the same. Probably the word "trouble" would more justly meet the case in most eyes than the sensational word "chaos."

3. "M.P." says that my reason for "staving off Disestablishment" is, that it, *i.e.* Disestablishment, would foster a growing Imperialism; and he proceeds to say, "but why is not apparent." Certainly it is not apparent, for I said exactly the opposite thing, namely, that a State Church might find its mission in the increasing saner Imperialism of the present day; and "M.P." proceeds to corroborate this by saying—"What of Imperialism already exists is found to a far greater extent in the established than in the non-established Churches." Precisely so. And may the Anglican Church be allowed to fulfil its Imperial destiny in the world! Only it might be wiser to substitute London for Canterbury as the centre where all spiritual roads might meet. I very much believe that in this Imperialism will be found the solution of many of our present-day problems—both Church and State. I did not suggest that the Liberals should appoint Liberal bishops. I suggested that the Liberals should appoint only men of wide sympathies—I mean to benefices, canonries, deaneries, bishoprics, etc.; and that if this rule were carried out, a great change would pass over the Church of England in a few years' time.—Your obedient servant,

MORDAUNT CROFTON.

June 10th.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

SIR,—There is a feeling freely canvassed in this country in certain circles at present that the Dutch in Cape Colony have been secretly arming, and are quite prepared to strike in to the help of their Transvaal friends in event of hostilities breaking out between England and that Republic. Now, this is a mischievous feeling, and would create unrest even if true. But it is not true. I have written to trustworthy friends at various Dutch centres in the Colony—Middelburg, Steynsburg, etc.—asking if there were any foundation for the feeling, and with one voice I am told there is not. My informants are not partisans. They are Scotch merchants, colonial—born bank managers, farmers and others, well informed and fully capable of judging. My information, therefore, I reckon authentic.

Yesterday I had a letter from a friend, a very intelligent Scotch lady who is a teacher in Tarkastad, which is a thoroughly Dutch centre. One sentence from her letter I quote—"We have had a very exciting day here. About two hundred Burghers (Dutchmen) assembled for a sham fight and shooting competition. They all seemed very loyal, and cheered lustily when the magistrate waved the Union Jack over them. It was really a very interesting sight." This circumstance and the report of it were entirely unpremeditated, and are a true reflection of Dutch loyalty in Cape Colony.

You are down, and rightly so, on Sir Gordon Sprigg's inflammatory election speeches, using and exciting race feeling for electioneering purposes. Nothing could be worse than this unreasoning flag-flaunting. It is as insulting as "Boyne Water" to the Irish. I am not blind to the faults of the Dutch, but I do claim that this race feeling should be allowed to die out. So long as it is fed and kept smouldering it may break out at any moment. A war in which the Dutch of Cape Colony

took part is a thing too terrible to contemplate. I don't exactly fear war, but I think we should use sedatives.—Yours faithfully, M.

Port Elizabeth, 21st May.

THE SONG OF THE SUMMER.

YES, I am here! I flower in all the trees,
I touch your lips with soft and lavish air,
I waft my fragrance on the passing breeze—
And my despair!
And my despair; for, as I come, I go—
And whence I come you know, and whither, know;
Lo, fruit must follow, ripe and round and fair.

Oh, short-lived sweetness, brief as mortal bliss,
A breath, a glory—shadow still behind!
The artist's passion or the lover's kiss,
That bless their kind!
That bless their kind, though both on earth may meet
Earth's loss and bitterness and long defeat,
Till death give joy and vision to the blind.

Yes, I am here, the Spirit of all bloom,
The secret ecstacy of ends fulfilled,
I, Summer, rushing on my chosen doom,
For harvest willed.
For harvest willed, and white with blossom now—
White? Rainbow-hued!—trees, flowers, grasses bow,
With promise burdened and with summer thrilled!

A. MATHESON.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

FROUDE.
CARLYLE.

FROUDE. I have often thought that we need in literature something analogous to Pre-Raphaelitism in art.

CARLYLE. What is Pre-Raphaelitism?

FROUDE. I hardly know. The Pre-Raphaelites were, I believe, artists who picked up art not where Raphael left off but where he began.

C. It doesn't matter much. Their idea, I dare say, was to get rid of all convention, and begin art over again for themselves. And that was highly commendable. Something analogous to that is desirable in literature. Tennyson with his confections of passion for use in ladies' seminaries, and Browning with his frantic, terrified optimism, and the restless, over-hasty spinning-jenny in his head, are not much to my liking. They both of them represent England of the broadened franchise and repealed corn-law; they are bourgeois to the core, and rose to eminence with the rise of the middle class, the dominant factor in the life of the century.

F. What do you say to "The City of Dreadful Night," by JAMES THOMSON? Here is a new selection from "B. V.'s" poems by MR. BERTRAM DOBELL, who is also the publisher, and whose devotion to the memory of his friend is one of the beautiful things in contemporary letters.

C. Thomson's poems will always command attention because they sprang directly out of his life. I think that he was by Nature endowed beyond any of the English poets of his time. There are no half-measures with Nature when she really takes a matter in hand. And so she gave Thomson, let us say, passion and intellect second only to Shakespeare's; fitted him for the fullest life—not that he might occupy and enjoy, however. Nature is the great spendthrift. She will burn up the world some day to attain what will probably seem to us a very inadequate end; and in order to have things stated at their worst, once for all, in English, she took a splendid genius and made him—an Army schoolmaster; starved his intellect, starved his heart, starved his body. All the adversity of the world smote him; and that nothing should be wanting to her purpose, Nature took care that the very sun should smite him also! And how gallantly the victim bore himself! Time will avenge him: he is among the immortals. He, indeed, is a Pre-Shakespearian.

F. Ha! What do you mean by a Pre-Shakespearian?

C. I mean, first of all, Shakespeare himself. Shakespeare was no Shakespearian. Often the name of a cult is a misnomer. Three centuries of English ineptitude have made of Shakespeare—not only the popular Shakespeare, but the Shakespeare of the schools—a very tame and bloodless portent indeed, the smug person written of by Hallam, Tennyson's "Shakespeare, bland and mild." They have made of him a sort of statue of Memnon, with an infinity of notes, it is true, which responded to the sunset as well as the sunrise, and to other reagents; but still an automaton, a musical box which could play any tune, with a preference, surprising in mechanism, to go off into Hamlet. Precisely into Hamlet, the mediocrity, the man in the street; a loquacious person; a busybody, given to reading books after dinner and scribbling on the margins; one that kept a diary and wrote letters to the newspapers. A Parliament-man, a debater! He would have been a good bishop, a good under-secretary; and might have remained solvent as a stock-broker. This is the Shakespeare of the English; the cult of the Shakespearians. Hamlet, the middle-class man, stares out of all our middle-class literature; and there is practically no other in England. Hamlet! Why, Shakespeare was himself a world: Coriolanus and Falstaff are the poles of him: Hamlet is nobody; I prefer Iago.

F. Would you have our literature develop out of Iago and Thersites?

C. I would not have it develop out of Shakespeare at all. I would have men put Shakespeare aside for half a century. He is in the way. Suddenly we find that Shakespeare blocks the road. He was admirable, he was necessary before steam; the world would have been at a standstill without him. Now it can't get on because of him. Steam, electricity, and the newspaper have made Shakespeare out of date; it is they that have turned the world upside down; they and a little word Evolution have wrought in sixty years a greater change than was elaborated in all the centuries from the first Christian community to sansculottism. Men don't know it, or hate to recognise it; they try to be what their literature is, what their old establishments are or seem. They read *Hamlet* and are Shakespearian in an empire the inhabitants of which are mainly Mohammedans, Brahmans, Fire-worshippers; in a country where the race for wealth has set morality coughing and sweating in a galloping consumption; at a time when the aristocracy of intellect—(the English from the most heraldic peer to the sireless apprentice are the middle-class of Europe, the prosperous, pushing shop-walkers of the world); at a time when the aristocracy of intellect have set their crucibles in the furnace, and have thrown in everything, themselves and all the past, the English are reading *Hamlet*. The hen thought the sky was falling when the pea dropped on her head; but the skies *have* fallen—on the wicked gamecock across the Channel, thinks the English bird of dawning. We are a great race.

F. You will hardly care for "The Forest Chapel and Other Poems" (HEINEMANN), by MAXWELL GRAY. It is very English, and celebrates both Browning and Tennyson in old-fashioned irregular odes.

C. I have read the book, and think the patriotism not of the intolerable and intolerant kind. "Maiden Widowhood," "Dejection," "A Woman's Point of View," are actual poems.

Sorely I grieve, for I am but woman,
Am but man with the added woe.

That is a high woman's point of view; very extravagant, very false, but a very helpful illusion, I should imagine. Anything is better than the tiresome restatement of the Shakespearian woman, an exquisite species which has been long extinct. We may never have the same kind of beauty again, as we shall never have a feudal hothouse in which to breed it; but with their enfranchisement women will develop a richer and more wonderful beauty than man has yet adored.

F. "Anna Ruina" (NUTT), an anonymous tragedy in blank verse.

C. Ah, that is a Pre-Shakespearian performance—of a kind. The verse is carefully written, and sometimes sounds well; but it is a play of lunacies, and of forced expression; for example—

> You tremble,
> You dare not kill yourself, nor go to him,
> Lest you should kill his soul—you cherish that:
> You cannot rock in Hell and put away
> The scorch of the flame for kisses hotter far,
> More blistering to the flesh.

That is the very note of impotence.

F. Out of what, then, is this desirable Pre-Shakespearianism to evolve?

C. Out of a reverence for fact.

F. That has been tried in the cult of *le sens du réel*, in realism, in naturalism.

C. I did not say a reverence for matter-of-fact.

F. Indeed it was a hideous development.

C. Oh, much adverse comment has been elicited by the writings of a certain school; but the acute stage is past, and literature has been purged of some of the peccant humours that accumulate during periods of transition: the python comes forth brilliant from his old skin, but the process of sloughing is not comely. That matter-of-fact fiction, as far as it succeeded in being matter-of-fact, was the mere lifeless eschar of literature; through it the new tegument appeared living and healthy. But truly it was in dead earnest. It tried to wrap its imagination in a napkin, bury it certain fathoms in the earth, and go about with a notebook painting its epoch. That could not last; that could not even get begun. The point of view of realism was essentially the Devil's point of view. The adversary, the accuser, started out with notebook and stylographic pen.

F. It might have shamed our easy-going sinners to know that the chance of escaping detection was much minimised when the Devil learned shorthand.

C. Oh, no! for the Devil, when he set himself to examine the matter carefully, discovered that man is a stomach, first and last. For some time this discovery, like the discovery of the New World, was a thing expected, a thing known—but how to get there? Like all great achievements it was quite simple—easier than setting an egg on its end, or sailing to America.

F. How, then?

C. By asserting it. "Man is a stomach." Great is assertion. At once the complex world is simplified. It is found to consist of beef and greens, which man, the stomach, can distil into blood. But how is this? What has happened to our sublime theory of irregular verbs? How has the stomach become saddled with this Old Man of the Sea, these entirely supererogatory organs which perform the unwarrantable functions of thinking and imagining? How much better if man had been as the hydras, patent reversible handbags that live most self-sufficingly in ditches, and can be turned outside-in without damage. Alas! man is not a hydra. The great discovery turned out to be no discovery. The realist assiduously attempting to set down whatever is commonplace, whatever is matter-of-fact, *en pleine platitude*, struggling to circumscribe his *sens du réel* by those things only which can be touched, tasted, smelt, found himself, to his amazement, haunted at every step by a ghost which would not be laid—Imagination, in all men, but most unescapably in himself. He has to write alone, in his study, far from the presence of the people and business of his work. And the bulk of his realities is picked up at second-hand—from reports, from conversations, newspapers, documents. There is no help for it, but to imagine. The attempt has been made, from the Devil's point of view, to state man as a stomach, and, in order even to get the attempt started, it was necessary to employ what is divinest in man—his imagination.

F. But we are no nearer the fountain of a desirable Pre-Shakespearianism.

C. It will come! It will come! The first bubblings of it may be heard already.

F. Where? where? Shall I, for example, find a rill of it in Nietzsche?

C. In Nietzsche! How dare you mention Nietzsche to me? A great man; a man of unexampled divulsive power, but spoilt for want of a knowledge of my writings. And it is your fault—your meagre nature that could make no more of me than that ill-tempered, lugubrious figure you so often bored to death. Your life of me is the worst disservice literature has ever suffered. Out of it the world knows me, and cares not for my books on that account. It is Froude, not Carlyle, that the world and Nietzsche know; of you Nietzsche's final word on me may be true: "He is an English atheist who aspires to honour for not being one." It is false of me. The realist would state the world as stomach. Nietzsche states it as Chaos. Both have been called Diabolists; but there is no such being as a Diabolist. Even those wretched creatures who celebrate the black mass are in that very act non-diabolic, for they are endeavouring to worship. God, as well as the Devil, is in all men. Had I written my "Exodus from Houndsditch" I would have employed the Devil to burn up the weeds, but I would have saved the ethical hemp-stalk of it. In Nietzsche's "Exodus from Houndsditch" he has burnt up the morality, too; he could see nothing else for it but that. Woe's me! The message which is in the very name Diogenes Teufelsdröckh has fallen on stony ground!

F. I have heard that Nietzsche, having destroyed the whole world of thought, intended a reconstruction.

C. He did. He meant to restate the world as Lust for Power.

F. Would you recommend Englishmen to read Nietzsche?

C. I would indeed. Such a tonic the world of letters has not had for a thousand years. Nietzsche set himself, smiling, to dislodge the old earth from its orbit; and—it is something against such odds—the dint of his shoulder will remain for ever.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

IRISH LITERARY IDEALS.

I HAVE just been reading a small book, or pamphlet, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in London and in Dublin by the proprietors of *The Daily Express* newspaper, wrapped in green, and entitled "Literary Ideals in Ireland." It consists of articles more or less controversial contributed to the Saturday issues of *The Daily Express* by Mr. W. B. Yeats and others "amongst the foremost of the modern school of Irish writers." These articles, says the Editor, "reveal aims and views so original and so illustrative of the new movement of ideas which is observable in contemporary Ireland, that it was felt it would be interesting to bring them together in volume form, if only as furnishing a possible chapter in Irish literary history."

Now I trust it will not be taken as evidence of anything but goodwill if I address to these writers (whose efforts in the main command my warm admiration), and particularly to Mr. Yeats, a small

remonstrance. It is superfluous for me to say that (with most lovers of poetry) I hold Mr. Yeats to be a poet of rare and delicate charm. The word "genius" seems in some danger just now of becoming debased by vulgar random and inconsiderate use; but among the few who have a genuine title to it I believe most good judges would agree in selecting Mr. Yeats—nay, unless I am mistaken, actually so agree. Let so much be granted. Mr. Yeats cannot charge his generation with backwardness or faintheartedness in praising him. He deserves the praise, and I make no doubt that the praise is good for him. But now that Mr. George Moore has made a speech setting him beside Shakespeare, even Mr. Yeats will agree that the offices of admiring friendship are being adequately performed, and that an admiring stranger cannot hope to better them, yet may be worth listening to for the sake of some cooling counsel.

I suggest, then, that Mr. Yeats should think twice before frittering himself away on such criticism as is contained in the pamphlet before me. And I will rest my plea first on the ground that he is too good for such employment. This pamphlet is not work: it is not even criticism of work accomplished: it is chatter about work which is going to be done. Mr. "John Eglinton" opens the game with a supposition, and a pretty big one. "Supposing a writer of dramatic genius were to appear in Ireland, where would he look for the subject of a national drama?" The obvious answer is, "Show me first your writer of dramatic genius. Discussions of what a genius of such and such a kind would do, did he only exist, can hardly pretend to employ any man's time profitably." "It is scarcely unfair," urges John Eglinton, "to put the question to those who speak of our national literature with hardly less satisfaction in the present than confidence in the future." No; if intended to ridicule and chastise "satisfaction in the present," the question is certainly not unfair: on the other hand, if intended for the serious discussion which as a matter of fact it evoked, it may or may not be "unfair," but it certainly is idle. Either the writer of dramatic genius exists or he does not. If he exists, Mr. John Eglinton may, by the simple process of reading his works, discover the answer to the question raised. If he do not exist, the answer must wait until his advent. It is not the province of criticism to decide what genius as yet unborn will accomplish under certain hypothetical conditions, but to pass judgment upon work which has met the world somewhat more than half-way and taken the preliminary trouble to get itself composed.

Moreover—may I whisper it?—some critics are growing a trifle impatient with all this talk about work which has yet to be done. Refreshing showers have fallen, no doubt: we are grateful for them, and not anxious to have the pleasant task of expressing our gratitude taken out of our hands by the rain-doctors themselves. But some of us do feel uneasy over this practice of announcing what the rain-gauges are to hold, while yet the enthusiasts are firing cannon to burst the clouds.

> In the great countries of Europe, although literature is apparently as prosperous as ever and is maintained with a circumstance which would seem to ensure it eternal honour, yet the springs from which modern literary movements have been fed are probably dried up——

How the dickens can Mr. John Eglinton know?

> If also, as seems likely, the approaching ages on the Continent are to be filled with great social and political questions and events which can hardly have immediate expression in literature, it is quite conceivable that literature, as it did once before, would migrate to a quiet country like Ireland. . . .

"Quite conceivable," yes! And to quote the rustic proverb, if the sky were to fall it is quite conceivable that all poor folk would have larks. Upon these suppositions, which await translation into fact, Mr. John Eglinton proceeds to guess that the resultant poetry will be of a character which he further proceeds to define. Mr. Yeats hopes and believes it will not be of the character defined by Mr. Eglinton, and (so far as I find it possible to take an interest in so bodiless a business) I have the pleasure to agree with Mr. Yeats. But the pity is that Mr. Yeats should feel any temptation at all to drop his exquisite work and descend into this arena. In so far as we hope for the new Celtic literature, our hopes rest on him and on men like him (if Heaven shall be pleased to send them). He has given us poetry; we look to him for more poetry, for further achievement. Even were he as fine a critic as he is a poet—and he is not by a very long way—we should grudge the time he took from poetry to give to criticism. With how much greater distress must we behold him giving it to talk about a literature concerning which we can only know that it does not exist, and is the less likely to exist while he employs his gifts in this way!

I said that Mr. Yeats is far too good for this kind of thing. But I must be honest and trust to his forgiveness for adding that he is also in a sense not quite good enough; and this deficiency he shares with Mr. John Eglinton and other contributors to this volume. The pamphlet contains, indeed, a deal of fine writing: but—perhaps because the fine writing has strayed out of its proper place—the general effect is unfortunately like that of a schoolboy debate, while detached passages suggest too frequently the more uncomfortable reflection that the disputants would have been none the worse for a little more knowledge. When Mr. Larminie talks of "the melancholy æstheticism of William Morris" one's eyebrows go up. Upon such criticism there is no other criticism to be passed. When Mr. Yeats affirms that "it was only with the modern poets, with Goethe and Wordsworth and Browning, that poetry gave up the right to consider all things in the world as a dictionary of types and symbols and began to call itself a critic of life and an interpreter of things as they are," one is divided between speculating where Villon, Pope, and Burns, or the Milton of certain sonnets, come into Mr. Yeats's historical scheme, and a gentle wonder when Mr. Yeats last perused Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty"—

> Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

But these are trifles. It is more important that Mr. Yeats's prose, even when he quits idle speculating and talks of poetry which actually exists, lacks the quiet but unmistakable note of true criticism. Take such a passage as this—

> The poets, if one may find their images in the Kalevala, had not Homer's preoccupation with things, and he was not so full of their excitement as Virgil. Dante added to poetry a dialectic which, although he made it serve his laborious ecstasy, was the invention of minds trained by the labour of life, by a traffic among many things, and not a spontaneous expression of an interior life; while Shakespeare shattered the symmetry of verse and of drama that he might fill them with things and their accidental relations.

Now all this, whatever else may be said of it, is highly disputable: so disputable, indeed, that I can hardly conceive a student of both agreeing with the comparison drawn between Homer and Virgil; while to say that Shakespeare filled verse and drama "with things *and their accidental relations*" would in the opinion of most judges be tantamount to classing him as a second-rate poet—a classification which, it is enough to say with all the patience at my command, few of us accept. In fact, a great many men would dispute Mr. Yeats's theory and deny his facts. At least, theory and facts are disputable: and this curt proclamation of them, *ex cathedra* as it were, not only ignores persuasion as the proper method for winning assent to a novel opinion, but treats the audience to a series of small slaps in the face. Of all arts, criticism is possibly the most polite. The mere fact that your audience is listening to criticism is proof that they are not boors to be shocked, but

have reached a point of culture at which you may afford to respect them. And respect in argument is shown by the endeavour to persuade, not by the "I'm just telling you" attitude.

No doubt it is a vastly inferior art to poetry. No doubt, also, Mr. Yeats is far too fine a poet to need to bother himself with criticism. And as for this anxious questioning—"Where, supposing a writer of dramatic genius were to appear in Ireland, he would look for the subject of a national drama?"—if Mr. Yeats will but follow the path opened up by "The Countess Cathleen" the answer has every chance of discovering itself in due time.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET AND CRAFTSMAN.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W. Mackail. 2 vols [London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS biography is as good a one as we have seen for many a long day. To begin with, it is, as might be expected from so accomplished a scholar and writer as Mr. Mackail, a thoroughly good piece of literary work. It is not only a careful account of the character and ideas of a remarkable man, very individual in all his ways, but is incidentally a picture, fresh and life-like, of the group of men, two of them no less remarkable than Morris himself, among whom he moved, and who exerted much influence on him. And it gives us also striking lights on the time during which Morris lived, impressions of the forces that were at work in literature and art nearly fifty years ago, when Morris's work began, as well as in more recent days when those forces had, to a large extent, spent themselves, and when Morris himself entered on that course of political agitation by which he is known to many who have had little appreciation of his poetry or his skill in the arts of design. The story is well told, with a fulness which is not undue when one remembers how many-sided the activity of Morris was; and the letters are skilfully intermingled with the narrative. We may say, in passing, that these letters are not quite so good in a literary sense as one might have expected from a man with such a gift of expression. This is probably due to the haste with which he wrote, for he was always busy, and never stopped to choose his phrases. But they are full of life and vigour, and sometimes quite admirable in their direct and telling way of setting forth the ideas which filled his mind. As expressions of character nothing can be better; for he was a man who always thought clearly, always said what he thought, and always put himself into everything he either said or did. Mr. Mackail's own remarks on Morris's gifts and criticisms of his work, both in poetry and in prose, are acute, thoughtful, and carefully balanced. He is not carried away by partiality for his subject. He sees the limitations and, indeed, even the weaknesses of Morris's genius, though he has a hearty admiration for both the man and his genius which those who knew Morris can hardly help sharing, and which the record of this book contains nothing to lower.

William Morris, if not one of the five or six foremost figures of his time, is certainly one of the most interesting and most original—that is to say, most unlike his compeers. It may seem a paradox to observe that if he had been less original he would have been more famous. When a man's originality is so brilliant and striking as to take the world by storm, then all the world admires him the more for being original; when he falls short of so exceptional a position, the unlikeness of his mind and tastes and manner to those of his contemporaries prevents the mass of them from properly comprehending and valuing his gifts. They may be a little puzzled, perhaps even a little repelled, by peculiarities which they will not take the trouble to understand, or which they have not sufficient insight or sufficient fineness of taste duly to appreciate. One could name several contemporaries of Morris who seem to us less powerful and less interesting than he was, but who are probably better known to and better liked by the majority of educated readers. Some of these are still living, and of them we need not speak. Some have passed away, and to indicate what we mean we will name two of them, Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater, both admirable writers, but, to our thinking, less original than Morris, and with a much smaller measure of imaginative faculty. However, in these matters individual predilection counts for so much that it is safer to avoid comparisons and be content to dwell on the subject of this biography alone.

Morris was the son of a well-to-do business man who lived in Essex, on the skirts of Epping Forest, a region which did much to form the boy's taste for scenery, and doubtless contributed to make him so fond in later life of the landscapes of north-eastern France, a part of the world which most people find unattractive. He was sent to school at Marlborough College, then recently established and very imperfectly organised, and went thence to Oxford as a commoner of Exeter College. Neither at school nor at college did he draw much from the instruction which the officially provided teachers gave him. As has happened with many other eminent men, the best part of his education came from the books, which he read for himself, and from the friends with whom he lived. He passed through that Tractarian phase which nearly all the intellectual or emotional youth of Oxford between 1840 and 1860 seem to have experienced, and was at one time—so Mr. Mackail tells us—on the point of joining the Church of Rome. But the phase was, in his case, of very short duration, and seems to have left no religious effect behind. Indeed, it is remarkable that through the rest of his life, after he left Oxford, both theology and religious observances appear to have lain quite out of his path. He never showed any interest in the study of the one, any care for the practice of the other. Perhaps in this is to be found the explanation of a phenomenon which has struck us in the Life—the absence of references to Dante, or of any trace of the influence of Dante. Such absence is the more remarkable because Morris was intensely susceptible to poetry, and passionately fond of the thirteenth century, and because he was at one time greatly influenced by D. G. Rossetti, on whose mind and painting Dante had told so much. It may have been the metaphysical and theological strain in the great Florentine that made him less congenial to Morris than one would have been prepared to expect.

When Morris took his degree in 1856—a pass degree, it need scarcely be said, for his tastes did not run in the lines of the Oxford schools—he had already written poems full of power and promise, and made a deep impression on the friends of his own group, among whom one, Edward Burne-Jones, his first Oxford friend, attained a fame comparable to his own, and survived him by less than two years. His family had meant him to take orders in the Church of England, but he was now resolved to be an architect, and apprenticed himself to Street, whose place of business was then in Oxford. After a year he dropped architecture, and, under D. G. Rossetti's influence, devoted himself for a time to painting, then finally settled down to the business of designing, weaving, dyeing, and decorating generally, which occupied the rest of his life, and through which he worked so potently upon English taste and fashion. For anyone but himself the management of such business would have been occupation enough. But he was at the same time incessant in literary production, pouring forth, first, poems, then prose romances; he was unweariedly active in working the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, which owed everything to his zeal and

energy; and for a good many years he joined in an effort to propagate Socialist views which brought him unpopularity from the so-called "respectable" classes, misrepresentation and worry from many of those who were associated with him, and, on the whole, disappointment and annoyance which would have soured the temper of anyone less strong and whole-hearted than he was.

Mr. Mackail institutes an ingenious comparison between him and Dr. Johnson. He reminds us no less of another equally singular though far less famous figure, the historian Edward Augustus Freeman, whose Life by the present Dean of Winchester, published four or five years ago, sets before us a man of sturdy English common-sense, rough in manner, vehement in language, intense in convictions, eminently direct, honest, and straightforward, full of prejudices and peculiarities, full also of strange enthusiasms. Some of Freeman's enthusiasms were much like those of Morris. Both had the same passion for English and North French scenery, with an apparent indifference to the beauty of mountain landscapes. Both were ardent lovers of architecture, and especially of French and English churches of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Both were eager philo-Teutons, though Freeman's special love was Old England, Morris's the Norsemen of Iceland. Morris had, of course, incomparably more splendid literary gifts, but Freeman had perhaps a larger share of humour. Neither would have cared for the writings of the other, for Freeman could as little have made his way to the end of the "Earthly Paradise" as Morris would have cared to plod through the "History of the Norman Conquest." These men resembled each other also in their capacity for friendship. The tenacity of Morris's attachments stand out in this book, and do much to make his figure attractive. Though he was a surprisingly self-centred as well as reserved man, intensely absorbed in his work, and saying very little to other people about theirs, he had a warm affection for his friends and a most loyal sense of what friendship requires.

Of his place in English letters it is perhaps too soon to speak. Few, if any, of his prose writings seem likely to be much read, for their style has in it an element of quaintness which sounds artificial. Perhaps the "Roots of the Mountains" is the best of them, but no one will think of placing it near "The Earthly Paradise" or "Sigurd the Volsung." Even in poetry his work was admired and loved far more by the chosen few than by the mass of readers; and both the scanty support accorded to the mention of his name when the Laureateship became vacant in 1892, and the comparatively slight impression made by his death four years later, show that he is not at present much in the minds of men. His genius was in some respects too remote, in others too simple, to lay hold of a generation which is chiefly attracted either by bold and violent effects on the one hand or by elaboration of workmanship on the other. Nevertheless, it may be predicted that much of his work will live by the purity of its colours as well as by the peculiar and fascinating quality of its imaginative presentment of modes of feeling; and that among the poets of our time he will be ranked below Tennyson and Browning only, and possibly very little below Browning if in estimating the merit of two geniuses so diverse regard be had not only to the quality of the finest achievements of each but also to the quantity of work which reaches a really high level.

AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA. ("Story of the Nations" Series.) By S. Whitman, with the collaboration of J. R. McIlraith. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. WHITMAN in his preface mentions "the almost incredible fact that no consecutive history of Austria such as this is exists in any language." From one point of view wonderful indeed! The Austrian Empire has an area of about half a million square miles—namely, about twice the area of the United Kingdom, and surpassed in Europe by Russia alone. It has over forty millions of a population, it has every variety of scenery and temperature; Salzburg, beautiful as Edinburgh, is rivalled by Innsbruck, and Vienna is gay as Paris. Three important literatures flourish within its bounds; there is Austrian-German, Hungarian, and Bohemian. And what of its history? For long its rulers were the regularly chosen heads of the Holy Roman Empire, and so were representatives of a power older than the Papacy; and still with all these and many other glories how small a position Austria occupies in the modern political world! "Happy are the people who have no history" it has been said, but the proverb has no application here. The races within its bounds are so various; their aims are so different, their animosity so keen, that the empire cannot effectually interfere in any direction. In the early years of the present century Francis resigned the shadowy dignity which his ancestors had held for four centuries, and the Holy Roman Empire came to an end. Since Sadowa the leadership of Germany has passed decisively to Prussia. It would be not quite untrue to say of Austria as was said of Italy—it was merely a geographical expression. Again, its history produces a feeling of irritation in the observer. It is full of wars which come to nothing; conquests are made and lost again. Political freedom has been almost systematically crushed. In all these vicissitudes the house of Hapsburg has ruled its destinies for over six centuries, and grievous indeed must the burden of empire have been to its sons. The reader will here find a succinct but sufficient account of how Austria acquired and lost again parts of Italy and Switzerland, and Poland and the Ottoman Empire, and how acquiring them yet again she retains possession of the two last.

Truth to tell there is a lack of human interest about it all, and one is grateful to the author when he allows us to see a touch of nature in those perpetually warring rulers. Thus we learn that Maximilian I. during the last four years of his life never travelled without a coffin which, with all the requisites of a funeral, he kept in a box. On his death-bed he was most minute in his directions as to how he should be buried. When recommended by his physicians to make his peace with God, he said, "I have long done so, or it would be too late." A noble saying, and paralleled by that of his grandson the Emperor Charles V., who, having obtained possession of Wittenberg by the battle of Luchau in 1547, went to gaze on the spot where Luther had recently been buried. The hate of bigots knows no bounds, and he was urged to scatter the ashes of the great reformer, but he refused, saying, "I war not with the dead, but with the living; suffer him to repose in peace, he is already before his Judge." Interesting again is it to know that the fearful agony of the Thirty Years' War began with a petty brawl. In 1618 a meeting of Protestant delegates was held in Prague, and there was much grumbling at Slavata and Martinetz, the Royal Ministers. One delegate urged "Let us throw these men out of the window according to the ancient custom of Bohemia." No sooner said than done, and the delegates for their own protection had to raise the standard of civil war. Of Joseph II., who ruled in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the following stories are told. One day he came across a ploughman at work, and nothing would serve him but that he must take the plough from experienced hands and make an Imperial furrow, uttering the while this pompous platitude: "No work is disgraceful, least of all that of the ploughman, who produces one's daily bread," and to his courtiers he remarked, "You see, gentlemen, a ruler has to be able to do everything." Alas for the best-laid schemes of mice and men! He made many changes,

but no good came of any of them. He suggested his own epitaph, "Here lies a monarch whose intentions were of the purest kind, but who had the misfortune to see all his undertakings ruined." In the end one feels profound pity for those unfortunate emperors; their designs were so noble, their hearts so good, their conscience so clear, and yet what a mess they made of it!

SPINOZA.

SPINOZA: HIS LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Sir Frederick Pollock, LL.D. Second Edition. London: Duckworth & Co.

IT is surely significant of much in the English way of regarding the world, that a volume so learned, persuasive, and well-written as Sir Frederick Pollock's "Spinoza" should have taken twenty years to reach a second edition. To scholars it has long been an authority; but to the reading public what is it? The shadow of a great name, and no more. History or metaphysics or criticism—and, whichever we term it, good of its kind—to Englishmen it conveys no lesson they are anxious about learning; it lies at an infinite distance from their thoughts. And yet Spinoza the man towers above all modern philosophers; while Spinoza the metaphysician holds a place equal to that which we all concede to Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer. It was said of Socrates in a bold figure that he is "the Jesus Christ of Greece." Without much more hyperbole, it may be affirmed of Spinoza that he is the Jesus Christ of Holland. In both examples that which impresses the beholder is a moral elevation, a detachment from common things, and, despite that aloofness, a tender humanity, of which systems and arguments about the One, the Eternal, and the Abstract, seem to be mere accidental instances, the teacher himself being greater than whatsoever he teaches. Of how few philosophers or poets can this be said? But Spinoza shines upon us, after two hundred and twenty years, with an almost unspotted perfection. If he was subject to any human weaknesses, we do not know them. All that we do know kindles admiration, sympathy, love, and reverence. Among philosophers he is the saint; among saints he would always be the philosopher. He discovered an ideal and realised it in a simple, calm, and beautiful existence, dying at the age of forty-five, not too old for the honours, as M. Renan would have told us, of the divinity which hangs like sunshine over youth and wisdom combined.

Sir Frederick Pollock has yielded to the enchantment of a character so flawless. He writes with enthusiasm, but also, it appears to us, with judgment and accuracy—as an adept where he is not, strictly speaking, a disciple. Spinoza left the world a system of ethics which involved a system of metaphysics. But Sir Frederick, who professes to have no faculty of the transcendental, is not a believer in systems. There are certain limits—we forbear to say negations—which he will decline to pass beyond. His creed takes no account of "things in themselves." He finds the mathematical apparatus of Spinoza to be a snare, and his scholasticism one mighty hindrance to a better understanding of the truths which he had to proclaim. The philosopher of Amsterdam is little read because men will not spend weeks and months in studying a kind of Euclid the terms of which are not lines and figures, but obscure vocables such as "substance," "attribute," "infinite modes," and the like. Those who are acquainted with the "Ethics" will confess that while it is certainly not more difficult to construe than the "Critique of Pure Reason," it has within its very essence a formidable dryness, and only where it analyses the virtues and passions of our nature with a master's touch does it become truly interesting. M. Renan has stated the reason in his lay sermon delivered at The Hague on occasion of Spinoza's bicentenary. For him, as for Descartes, he says, the universe was only extension and thought; to their famous school was wanting the science of chemistry, the science of physiology; they were strangers to the notion of life, and mere geometricians. So did they never arrive at the living infinite. Sir Frederick qualifies this verdict a little; but he cannot alter it in substance. Few will give their days and nights to Spinoza the system-maker; and of those few not many will find in him the nourishment which is so abundant in Aristotle, or the inspiration, the sense of something luminous and divine, which is the heart of Plato. Nevertheless, our Jewish-Dutch philosopher promises to survive as long as either of these. And why?

By an extraordinary good fortune, he is the one metaphysician of modern times who appeals to men of science and to lovers of poetry. He is Eastern and Western, a mystic and an empiricist. There is in him, and in no other to whom we can point, the singular genius for observation of Nature as a whole which marks out Lucretius from all Latin poets, and which has made the Roman, we had almost said popular, in a scientific age, unlike Virgil, who is but a lovely and incomparable antique. That Nature is one, that it is uniform, that its laws cannot be broken, that it takes no account of particular volitions and knows nothing of freedom—these are dogmas, true or false, but dear to the modern spirit. And they speak to us from every page of the "Ethics." Again, that there is no reality beyond the "flaming walls of the world"; that the All is God, if we continue to employ a word so fraught with disputed associations; that the individual, as such, perishes, and his place can know him no more; that virtue is its own reward; that heaven and hell are myths; that asceticism was a mistake, and meditation upon death waste of time, and humility and repentance the qualities of a weak and failing temper—who has not heard these doctrines preached from the platforms of crowded meetings, or made, as in certain German, French, and English coteries, the shibboleths of enlightenment? What is now called Monism, but was formerly anathematised by divines under the title of Pantheism, had Spinoza for its blameless herald when the religious wranglings of the seventeenth century were muttering their last. The old-established doctrines of a Personal God and an individual immortality were assailed and their abolition decreed by the Jew of Amsterdam in the name of reason. He earned for himself the reputation of an atheist. Cardinals refuted him in verse; Leibnitz and Voltaire sharpened their pens against him. Every school in Christendom felt that he was the enemy. And Sir Frederick Pollock admits, with refreshing candour, that they were in the right.

This need not be the same thing as to grant that science cannot escape being Monistic, or that the Christian principles of free will, immortality, and the rest are incompatible with science. On these subjects we are not now offering any argument. But if, as will not be questioned, Goethe, Hegel, Schleiermacher, and their thousands constitute one wing of modern thought, clearly Spinoza, to whom they looked as their captain, is an influence to be reckoned with, although his text slumbers on forgotten shelves. Goethe, little as he was inclined to trouble himself about metaphysics—and perhaps, we may add, incapable as he would have been of mastering them systematically — discovered in Spinoza that creed of Madre Natura, the beginning, the end, the substance of all things, to which he has given a dithyrambic expression. Hegel prided himself on furnishing the explicit and reasoned synthesis, elements of which had been contributed by the "Ethics." "You must come to me from Spinoza," he said, with the astonishing arrogance that was long a German attribute. Schleiermacher thought he could, by some magic touch, reconcile Spinoza and St. John. But the whole of modern criticism, which did not meddle with the ontology of the seer,

derived its method from his "Tractate on Philosophy and Politics." Two Hebrews, himself and Richard Simon, living in the same age, may be fairly described as having opened these flood-gates, through which so broad a stream is flowing. Their maxim was, in Spinoza's language, at once simple and far-reaching: the prophet is human, like the men to whom he brings his message, and on human standards he and his message are to be judged. In the long run, this will mean the elimination of the supernatural, as from the system of the world so from the Bible of revelation.

His universe, M. Renan observes again, was in some sort crystallised; an immovable formula. Yet this is the man who, by a secret impulse, drove Goethe upon the consideration of change and metamorphosis; who, from afar, through channels which we cannot now trace, flowed into Wordsworth's landscape; and who has never ceased to whisper of an abiding, omnipresent Power, close to us all, and in us, of which Shelley sings in some ethereal mode, light and air becoming music. There are, doubtless, contradictions in Spinoza, clouds impenetrable to the finest understanding; nor was any word ever so ambiguous, from the nature of the case, as "All and One," "the Substance which is the Whole," for it begs the question perpetually. But, in effect, and viewing the man's place in history, Spinoza, quite in accord with Lucretius, denied, and meant to deny, the "extramundane God." His commentator, though not thinking it worth while to dogmatise, makes it clear that, for himself, he will never own that which is said to transcend experience—not any Absolute, or Unknowable, or Kantian asymptote, beyond the reaches of our thought. We may ask, what then is left? And the answer seems to be, "experience is left, not matter in the metaphysical sense, not an eternal mind; nothing but these phenomena which succeed one another in unbroken series." It is a form of Idealism; but, since the ideal thus perceived neither endures nor comes out of eternity, the last word would be Empiricism. Sir Frederick, dismissing the *a priori* of Spinoza, turns to science with its strict affirmations. These do no more than register facts and anticipate consequences. The order of Nature, as rendered by them, is itself neither substance nor attribute; it is an impression made on mortal minds, and that is all.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE HULSEAN LECTURES.

THE GOSPEL OF THE ATONEMENT: BEING THE HULSEAN LECTURES FOR 1898-99. By the Ven. James M. Wilson, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS volume deserves a cordial welcome, and will reward a careful study. It is marked by a candour and courage, a sincerity and liberality of spirit, which prove very attractive. Seldom does a theological work display so thorough an independence of dogmatic prepossessions, and so full an acceptance of scientific methods. It is not intended for, nor is it produced by, the secluded cloister; rather it offers sympathetic assistance to those who are being borne along by the full currents of the common thought and the open life of our busy age. It recognises that the great truth of the Atonement of God and Man in Jesus Christ has often, by theories formulated to explain it, been made into a burden instead of an aid to faith; and accordingly it endeavours to set aside all these theories, and to state as simply as can be the Gospel, or *good news*, of the Atonement. It is addressed to those who are hindered from becoming fully Christian in thought and life, not by moral defect, but by intellectual difficulty. The question it seeks to answer for such persons is: "What can it be to me that Jesus Christ lived and died?" It appeals not to authority, but to experience. It recognises that the restatement of other Christian doctrines from the same standpoint has been advantageous to faith, and insists that the doctrine of the Atonement needs such restatement. An historical survey is made, to justify the conclusion that the essential and permanent truth in the doctrine of the Atonement is that, in Christ, man becomes a sharer in the life of God; and that all theories which represent the Atonement as a transaction in which Christ by His suffering secures man's salvation, are attended by insuperable difficulties. In this survey the position is very decidedly affirmed that of the two aspects of Paul's teaching which are named the mystical and the Judaic, the former expresses his distinctive Christian experience, and the latter is a consequence of or an adaptation to his environment. Although the Incarnation, as a whole, is regarded as the Atonement, or as "the identification of the human and divine life"; yet it is maintained that the Atonement "is intimately associated with the death of Christ," and that for this fact "the main reason lies in a law of the spiritual life that connects suffering and the divine." This view of the Atonement is held to correspond with "the spread of inductive habits of reasoning," "the tendency of theology to revert from the Latin to the Greek type," "the democratic and philanthropic spirit," and "the desire for reunion without compromise among Christian churches." While this simple and earnest presentation of the great truth of the Atonement must be admitted as having undoubted apologetic value, yet, on the other hand, one is compelled to ask whether the writer of this volume has sounded the depths of the New Testament, has been quite fair to the theological tendencies which he rejects, and has given us a doctrine of the Atonement which will not only serve a temporary purpose in helping religious faith, but also prove a permanent contribution to Christian thought.

FICTION.

GREY WEATHER: Moorland Tales of My Own People. By John Buchan. London: John Lane.

CASTLE CZVARGAS. A Romance. By Archibald Birt. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

A RIVIERA ROMANCE. By Blanche Roosevelt (Marchesa d'Allegri). London: Downey & Co.

THE MAN BETWEEN. By Robert Halifax. London: Grant Richards.

THERE is something vivid and bracing in the atmosphere of Mr. J. Buchan's "Grey Weather" which puts the reader at once in sympathy with the writer and makes the perusal of this pleasant book a welcome task to the reviewer. Mr. Buchan proves himself a true son of his native soil, alert, observant, quietly humorous, and full of genuine love for the wild scenes and stern beauty which he describes so well. Mercifully he has softened the asperities of the Doric dialect for degenerate Southrons, and so it is possible to enjoy to the full all the cluster of stories contained in "Grey Weather," and to drink in its invigorating northern air with keen appreciation. The stories touch many chords of human feeling, both tragic and humorous. Of the former kind we must instance "At the Article of Death" as a striking specimen. It is the narrative of a shepherd's last moments; a man most lonely to the last, dying unbefriended save by his faithful dog, and agonised by final doubts after a lifetime of faith and prayer. The episode is pathetic in conception and execution, and artistic in its reticence. Strongly contrasting with this grim study of a deathbed is its neighbouring story, "Politics and the May Fly," an amusing sketch of peasant life, in which the guilefulness displayed by a certain Scottish farmer towards his recalcitrant ploughman in the matter of recording his vote would do credit to the Heathen Chinee himself. A powerful study of the delusions of old age in a brain full of untutored poetry is exhibited in "Water in the South," and "The Herd of Standlan" is so typically Scottish that it deserves special mention. Altogether "Grey Weather" is a

book to be praised by the critic and enjoyed by all its readers, for Mr. Buchan writes vigorously and sympathetically, with a swing and strength that are sufficiently rare to be very welcome.

In "Castle Czvargas" we have the familiar story of the adventures of a brave Englishman among the cut-throats of mid-Europe in the seventeenth century. If it cannot be said that there is anything particularly novel in Mr. Birt's treatment of his theme, he is, at least, entitled to the credit of having produced a readable, and even exciting, tale. Castle Czvargas is the home of a robber-chief in South Germany, and in it, when the tale begins, is confined a young Englishman, Daubeney Nutcombe by name, who, when returning from a journey to Munich, has been unluckily captured by the brigand chief. His younger brother, Francis, has been sent out by his parents to search for traces of the lost man, and in due time he tracks him to the terrible stronghold at Czvargas. On his way Francis meets with a charming girl, the daughter of a German merchant, who has lost her father under circumstances resembling those which attended the disappearance of Daubeney. With this young lady the English youth speedily becomes enamoured, and for her sake, as well as his brother's, he makes up his mind to beard the lion in his den at Castle Czvargas. Unfortunately, though a bold and ready-witted boy, Francis is easily outwitted by the cruel and crafty scoundrel with whom he has to deal, and it is not long before both he and the maiden he loves are added to the captives in the robber's gloomy stronghold. It is then that the real interest of the tale is developed. Nothing can seem more desperate than the position of the prisoners, and only a reader's confidence in the ability of an author to unravel a knot which he has himself tied affords him any reason to hope for the safety of the English brothers and their fair *protégée*. Mr. Birt does not, of course, falsify these hopes, but it is by a devious path and through strange adventures that he eventually brings the characters of his story into safety. Of course, this business of the captives in the hands of an unscrupulous tyrant is as old as romance itself; but in this instance the details of the story are well contrived, and Mr. Birt is successful in keeping the attention of his reader upon the stretch from first to last.

It is impossible to speak very favourably of "A Riviera Romance." Its faults are, doubtless, due in part to the fact that it was written at a time when the author was suffering from serious illness, and that she died before being able to revise it. This no doubt accounts for the hasty workmanship and the hysterical tone; but the story itself is a morbid one, and, in spite of the real feeling which is shown by the writer, the manner in which the plot is treated repels rather than attracts. We do not profess to understand the character of Marcelle, the heroine, unless, indeed, we are to accept her as a type of an abnormally neurotic character. She has been jilted in America by a young foreigner, who has left her under disgraceful circumstances, breaking his word in order that he may elope with a married lady. Years afterwards she finds him again, occupying the post of a croupier at Monte Carlo. She is still free, and she still loves him, or thinks that she does. There is nothing to prevent their marrying, if she wishes it. Instead of marrying her old lover, however, Marcelle becomes the wife of an English peer for whom she does not care, and in this new character she sets to work to break the heart of the croupier. We must not say to what extent she succeeds. It must suffice that the story ends tragically, as it was bound to do. If there is nothing in the plot which can be commended, we may, at least, recognise the fulness and accuracy of the descriptions of Monte Carlo and of the gambling tables which the book contains. Indeed, "A Riviera Romance" may almost be summed up as a guide to Monte Carlo, with which has been incorporated an unpleasant and rather dull love-story.

"The Man Between" is a story of adventure, villainy, and treasure-hunting, which so constantly reminds the reader of the immortal "Treasure Island" that it is impossible to resist the conclusion that its author has found his inspiration in Stevenson's romance. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as Mr. Halifax, capable though he may be, is not yet able to sustain a close comparison with his great model. If, however, we can put "Treasure Island" out of our minds, and can forget the affectations of a style which is archaic without being convincing, we shall find in "The Man Between" much to enjoy. The love-story, which is closely connected with the plot, does not seem to fit well into it. There is no reason, indeed, why the love affairs of the hero's mother and the minister who is so passionately devoted to her might not have been printed in another volume. They have really nothing to do with the villainies of those two disreputable rogues, Captain Anthony Sweet and Whalley Hood. These gentlemen, having taken part in the robbing of a treasure-ship and the murder of its crew, have tried to cheat, first their own accomplices, and, secondly, each other. Only a portion of the spoil of the treasure-ship has been secured, and of this portion, Mr. Whalley Hood, the hero's father, has managed to make himself sole owner. Captain Anthony Sweet, who is a gentleman no more to be trifled with than was John Pew, of "Treasure Island" fame, has followed Hood to England in hot pursuit of treasure and revenge. The two rogues are evenly matched in wickedness, but Sweet has the advantage in courage and resourcefulness. Through various scenes of thrilling adventure the villains are carried away from England to the green rock in the Atlantic, where the great part of their ill-gotten treasure lies hidden; and on this rock the tragedy is played out to the bitter end. There is plenty of fighting in the story, and more than enough of bloodshed and desperate villainy; but, as we have said, the reader must get rid of his memories of "Treasure Island" before he can feel fully satisfied with "The Man Between."

IS THE GAME WORTH THE CANDLE?

THE COST OF SPORT. By F. G. Aflalo. London: John Murray.

SPORT in some form or other is the birthright of every able-bodied Englishman. It is necessary for his health of body, on which a healthy mind so much depends. We love sport without any idea of cruelty or unnecessary pain, but for its own sake; for it brings out the varied elements of caution, dash, judgment, courage, activity, and endurance at certain points. And the cultivation of these features of character materially helps a man in his professional work. He will, therefore, lay aside a reasonable part of his income for sport; and a judiciously selected game, according to one's means, is really worth the money. Mr. F. G. Aflalo has taken considerable pains to secure accurate information of the cost of sport from special authorities; and these reports he has properly balanced and published in this interesting and useful volume. It is the only book which deals with sporting finance in a systematic manner, and the question of cost is such an important element in the selection and carrying on of the sport best suited to the temperament, health, age, and means of each individual that the digest here given will be heartily welcomed. It is necessarily and wisely a book of averages, for a considerable margin has to be allowed for individual tastes and means. Its leading object is to give prominence to these incidental heads of expenditure, such as wages of servants and keep of animals, and what cannot be got in trade catalogues. Considerable space has been devoted to shooting and fishing. Mr. G. T. Teasdale-Buckell (editor of *Land and Water*) is responsible for the greater part of the former. He takes up the shooting in the British Islands generally. Shooting may fairly be regarded

as a somewhat costly sport, yet he points out some varieties of comparatively cheap shooting. There are broad lands in England and Ireland almost free to all comers, but these do not command full bags. Next for cheapness must be reckoned the shooting that is attached to a number of hotels, though "first come first served" is a necessary drawback to the loiterer. Farms, too, vary from 4d. per acre in Oxfordshire to 4s. per acre within twelve miles of Charing Cross. The somewhat delicate subject of "tips" is here specially taken up. No doubt the guest who tips liberally secures the best sport going. A very "drouthy" boatman on Loch Earn once told us that he used to take a teetotal Free Kirk minister to a part of the loch where he rarely got a rise.

Coming to a higher grade of shooting property than the farm, the question of country houses enters largely into all calculations concerning the rental of low ground shootings, and even the value of grouse moors is influenced to a considerable extent by the size and condition of the shooting lodge. Some instances of shooting agreements from the author's personal experience are given. Our most attractive game bird is undoubtedly the red grouse; but it is the most costly. When he first went to Scotland in search of shootings, it used to be accepted that £1 a brace of grouse was fair. For only £200 he secured a small moor that yielded 1,350 head of game; but those who are now bent on a bag of grouse in a bad year must be prepared to pay £5 a brace for them. Grouse-driving in the North of England is so far cheaper than grouse-shooting in Scotland that the same money spent in Yorkshire will secure double the number of grouse to be got in Scotland. The average value of a deer forest, so far as rent goes, may be calculated at about £50 for every stag shot. Mr. Bourne considers that the average price for thoroughly reliable setters or pointers would be thirty guineas a brace. Captain Ferrand contributes his experience of the cost of shooting elk, reindeer, and bear in Scandinavia; Mr. Inverarity does the same for sport in India, Mr. Bryden for South Africa, the editor for Morocco, and Mr. Turner for British Columbia. Fishing is a sport that, in one form or another, comes within the means of all. There is good salmon fishing for those who can afford it; good trout fishing available to men of very much smaller incomes; and sea-fishing open practically to all. Mr. Walker points out that during the past season the cost of salmon waters rented in Scotland was about £5 to each salmon caught. Yet fairly good salmon fishing can otherwise be obtained for about £1 a day upwards, with living expenses at the hotel. From the estuary of the Thames up to the City Stone at Staines the fishing of the river is the free property of the Corporation of London, and is free to all men. But Mr. Bickerdyke assures us that while a man of small means, who takes up his abode in a labourer's cottage and fishes from the bank, can get good six days' sport for £1, the average cost of six days' punt fishing would come to six times that amount. The cost of Irish Lough, Norwegian, Indian, Tarpon, and sea fishing is then detailed. No game, gun, or fishing licences are exacted in China, Denmark, Greece, Morocco, and Roumania.

The Earl of Coventry details the cost of the well-equipped hunting establishment; but in no sport is it, perhaps, more difficult to estimate with anything approaching precision the legitimate annual expenditure than in hunting. The maintenance of a pack of hounds may run to almost any sum; yet he is of opinion that, comparing present-day prices with those of former years, the Master's expenses have steadily, sensibly decreased. The servants' horses cost less than ever. The cost of keep should roughly work out per horse at 12s. per week in the summer, and 20s. in the hunting season. The cost of a ready-made pack of hounds would cost, according to numbers, between £750 and £1,500. Mr. Ricardo, late Master of the Craven, handles most delicately the question of compensation to farmers and others concerned, seeing that the poultry fund has increased of late years to an alarming extent. Yet, considering the health and pleasure that hunting affords, it is not so very costly. An initial outlay of £140 and an annual expenditure of £80 should cover all the out-of-pocket expenses of any man of moderate weight, well carried to hounds three days a fortnight. The cost of racing varies enormously according to the man who pays the bill. It costs many men a fortune every year; others enjoy as much sport on practically little. Mr. Sachs contributes details of the cost of foals and yearlings, carriage and keep of horse and "lad," training, and jockeys. The retaining fees of a fashionable jockey nowadays probably amount to thousands of pounds. Mr. Winans mentions in his article on Trotting that while a "trotter" that does the mile in 2½ minutes may be obtained for £30, "Axtell," with a record of 2 min. 9 sec., fetched £21,000.

Boating may be put down as one of the more inexpensive sports, for the initial expenses are very small, and a man can get as much practice in the art as he needs for about £10 a year. Mr. L. Lobb gives full information about the larger craft for racing purposes; and Mr. Baden-Powell considers that the best sailing-canoe of the present time will cost about £60. Mr. Summers contributes a very judicious article on the Cost of Yachting. The man who is able to devote his time to looking intelligently after every detail of his yacht will naturally be able to keep down expenses in a far greater degree than the semi-invalid ordered to take care rather of himself. But in either case almost everything that affects the comfort, the success, or the failure of yachting depends on the captain; and great care should therefore be taken in selecting him. It is possible to indulge in yachting at an outlay ranging from £50 per annum upwards. All owners have invariably found steam yachts luxuries; but Mr. Guedalla does not deal with persons whose extravagance knows no bounds.

Of the cost of games, Mr. Ford deals with cricket; Mr. Kerr with curling; Mr. Garden Smith with golf; Mr. Cousins with lawn-tennis; Major Herbert with polo; and Colonel Walrond with archery. Mr. Bourne states that the past few seasons have witnessed an undoubted accession to the ranks of coursing men. There has been a steady demand for saplings, and upwards of six hundred greyhounds actually changed hands at the Royal Repository sales last season. The highest individual figure reached 66 guineas. At the same time he points out that though Brigadier, as a puppy, was sold for only 25s. because he lost four successive stakes, yet he ultimately won the Waterloo Cup. Interesting details are also given by competent authorities on the cost of cycling, falconry, ice-sports, and mountain-climbing in the Alps. Mr. Aflalo has admirably succeeded in his difficult but serviceable work.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. LVIII. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The fifty-eighth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is not one of those most replete with important articles. The most interesting refer to distinguished persons of the seventeenth century. The fulness with which the two Sir Henry Vanes are treated by Mr. C. H. Firth attests the rise of their reputations, especially in the case of the younger. We are indebted to the same able writer for an account of Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, whose father is treated with equal elaboration by Mr. S. R. Gardiner. Three other illustrious names of the seventeenth century—Archbishop Ussher, in theology; Van Dyck, in art; and Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, in poetry—receive appropriate notice. The more recent wearers of the name of Villiers, and the Veres, Earls of Oxford, form well-defined groups. Among other interesting personages may be mentioned Admiral Vernon, warmly defended by Professor Laughton; Vanbrugh, dramatist and architect, very fully noticed by Mr. Seccombe; Varley, artist and astrologer, and his namesakes the electricians; the semi-mythical Vortigern; Edward Gibbon Wakefield; Archbishop Wake; and Vestris.

THE BOOK OF JOB—FOR ANGLICANS.

THE BOOK OF JOB. With Introduction and Notes. By Edgar C. S. Gibson, D.D. London: Methuen & Co.

DR. GIBSON'S commentary on Job is the first volume of a series to be edited by Professor Lock. The aim of the series is to present the English reader—both the clergy and the "educated laymen and laywomen who wish to read the Bible intelligently and reverently"—with editions of the various books of the Bible, annotated by editors who "will aim at combining a hearty acceptance of critical principles with loyalty to the Catholic faith." There is a large number of readers who never feel quite safe in reading or studying the Bible except under the guidance of a member of their own communion; to Anglican readers of this class Dr. Gibson's commentary should be welcome. The Introduction sets the student at the right point of view for understanding the book; the short analyses of the various sections elucidate the argument, and the notes clear up, so far as that is possible, obscure details. It is true that the English reader who does not fear peril to his faith from reading the work of a Presbyterian scholar will still find an abler and profounder interpretation of the Book of Job in Dr. Davidson's small and unpretentious volume in the "Cambridge Bible for Schools," to which Dr. Gibson acknowledges his indebtedness. We feel it necessary to make this comparison, even though it seem invidious, since it is virtually challenged by the general editor in his prefatory note. He there promises that "the series will be less elementary than the 'Cambridge Bible for Schools'"; we hope that that may be true of subsequent volumes; it is no disparagement to Dr. Gibson to say that it is not true of the first. In two respects, however, the present commentary is superior to the Cambridge volume: it contains the Revised instead of the Authorised Version, and it is printed in much better type. Indeed, the publishers have certainly done their part well to make this fresh series attractive.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT. By William Blake Odgers. London: Macmillan & Co.

DR. ODGERS is chiefly known to the legal profession by his exhaustive work on the law of libel. This little book, written for the Citizen Series, reveals him as an authority on another subject. In substance it consists of a series of lectures delivered at the request of the Council of Legal Education, and it forms an elegant compendium of the local government law now prevailing in England. As Dr. Odgers truly says, English institutions are incapable of proper comprehension unless approached historically. Now in early times local government was a simple business; there was the parish or township, the hundred, the shire, and the kingdom. The manor in Old England might be described as an *imperium in imperio*, but, apart from that, the gradation was simple; each of the divisions mentioned managed the affairs that were appropriate thereto. But when modern complexity succeeded ancient simplicity, poor-law unions, sanitary authorities, highway, burial, or school boards were one after the other created. They had their own meetings, their own powers of rating, and, what was still more confusing, their own areas; thus, as has been said, "a jungle of jurisdictions" developed, and it is only recent Local Government Acts that have harked back to the simpler and earlier method. Great as the improvement is, something yet remains to be done; parish and county councils have not reached their full expansion; in their zeal for improvement they are not always thrifty. The enormous increase in local and municipal debt is a danger that requires the strong controlling hand of a central authority; but with all its disadvantages the change is an enormous improvement. Only read Dr. Odgers' little work and you are convinced of *that*. Such of the next generation as care to study those things will be filled with exceeding amazement that even the patient Englishman endured so long the chaos that prevailed twenty years ago.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

SENSE and sensibility, as well as courage and insight, mark Mrs. Crawford's "Studies in Foreign Literature," a volume of critical appreciations of modern writers abroad, and the new romantic movement which is struggling fitfully with the prevailing decadence of the novel. What we get are sane, acute judgments, written with candour and independence, of Alphonse Daudet, J. K. Huysmans, Emile Verhaeren, Maurice Maeterlinck, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Henryk Sienkiewicz, and others, who are responsible either for the prevailing trend in fiction or represent forces which make for its overthrow. Miss Crawford is by no means inclined to take too favourable a view of the present situation, and therefore the following is of more account than would otherwise be the case:—"Naturalism in art and materialism in religion have outlived their day in Paris, and the swing of the pendulum is now set in the contrary direction. Men have wearied of mere exteriority, of faithful photographic reproduction, and they have wearied, above all, of the attitude of mind which can only perceive the sordid and repulsive side of life. Amid the strange tangle of vague religious aspirations and fantastic spiritualistic beliefs with which all classes in Paris seem to be infected at the present time, we can discern a real craving after the invisible, a longing for closer union with the spiritual forces of existence." In France, more than anywhere else, this book asserts, the Pagan and the Christian element in literature dominate each other in turn in succeeding waves of national emotion. It remains to be seen whether writers like Huysmans represent a transient, even though passionate, revolt against materialism, or are pioneers of a new religious renaissance. The idle woman of the upper and middle classes in England and France is held, in these pages, to be largely responsible for the present decadence in literary taste. She is the chief supporter of the circulating library, and she cares little for classic writers like Balzac, and a great deal for idols of the hour like Paul Bourget and Marcel Prévost. We, on this side of the Channel, must take our full share of the blame. "A book has only to be in French, and what is usually spoken of as improper, in order to be read with an avidity which its merits do not in the least warrant, and which would probably not be aroused by English novels of an equally low literary level. We in England have given direct encouragement to the most decadent of recent tendencies in French literature, and we have been curiously unappreciative of those great qualities which placed her earlier novelists far above our own. With a Pharisaism not altogether strange to us, we have prided ourselves in public on the purity of our own literature, whilst feasting in private on the pruriency of our neighbours." One of the best papers in the book is an analysis of the mystic optimism of Maurice Maeterlinck.

It must be admitted that outside philosophical circles the reputation of James Frederick Ferrier is already curiously limited. It is true that he is never likely to be forgotten in St. Andrews, where for nearly twenty years he lectured on moral philosophy with conspicuous ability, but the world at large saw little of him then, for he was always more or less of a scholarly recluse, and it has heard comparatively little of him since his death at the age of fifty-six in 1864. He was the nephew on his father's side of Miss Ferrier the novelist, and on his mother's side he was the nephew of Professor Wilson, better known as "Christopher North." A son of the manse, he studied first at the University of Edinburgh, and then at Oxford, and finally at Heidelberg. Perhaps the most influential friendship of Ferrier's life was his close intimacy for a long term of years with Sir William Hamilton, a man whom he greatly admired, and one whose services to philosophical thought he never ceased to extol. His own views, as expressed in the book on which his fame as an original thinker rests—"The Institutes of Metaphysic"—differ widely from the position held by Hamilton, and were more akin to the speculations of Berkeley, looked at in the light of Hegel and other masters of German philosophy. Here is a picture of the outward man which speaks for itself: "To the last—of course he was not an old man when he died—he preserved the same distinguished appearance that we are told marked him out from amongst his fellows while still a youth. The tall figure, clad in old-fashioned, well-cut coat and white duck trousers, the close-shaven face, and merry twinkle about the eye, signifying a sense of humour which removed him far from anything which we associate with the name of pedant; the dignity, when dignity was required, and yet the sympathy always ready to be extended to the student, however far he was from taking up the point, if he were only trying his best to comprehend—all this made up to those who knew him the man, the scholar, the high-bred gentleman, which Professor Ferrier was in no ordinary or conventional sense." It is claimed in these pages that Ferrier by his "theory of knowledge" made the discovery that the subjective idealism of Kant was as unsatisfactory as the relativity of Hamilton, and tended, not less certainly, to agnosticism. Miss Haldane's sketch, both of the man and his work, is clear and capable; it throws welcome side-lights on Scottish society, and sometimes also on Scottish philosophy.

The nature and originality of "Christian Ethics," and the manner in which it is indissolubly linked to religion—of which it is, indeed, in a certain sense the practical expression—are points which are discussed in the opening pages of Professor Davidson's contribution to the Guild Library. Stress is laid on the fact that in Christianity a group of ethical qualities—such as

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* STUDIES IN FOREIGN LITERATURE. By Virginia M. Crawford. London: Duckworth & Co.

JAMES FREDERICK FERRIER. By E. S. Haldane. (Famous Scots Series.) Edinburgh & London: Oliphant, Anderson & Co.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By William L. Davidson, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Aberdeen. (The Guild Library.) London: A. & C. Black.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL. By the Rev. Charles Bodington, Canon of Lichfield. Illustrated by Holland Tringham. London: Isbister & Co.

RIPON CATHEDRAL. By the Venerable William Danks, M.A., Archdeacon of Richmond and Canon of Ripon. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. London: Isbister & Co.

humility, meekness, forbearance, forgiveness, and the like—that ancient morality despised, or at all events pushed into an inferior position, are raised to the first rank. "To pass by an insult, to be long-suffering to an offender, to forgive one's enemies, to return good for evil, was the last thing that pagan antiquity would have deemed worthy of a free man." Amongst other distinctive characteristics of New Testament ethics to which Dr. Davidson draws attention are its emphatic assertion of the worth and dignity of the individual, the prominence which is given to self-sacrifice as the essence of virtue, and the emphasis that is laid on the fact that ethical progress in a human life comes through conflict and self-renunciation. Dr. Davidson has certainly succeeded in avoiding the two pitfalls on which he lays stress at the outset of this capable book. He neither merges Christian ethics in Christian theology, nor separates the two provinces so absolutely as to leave the impression that they have little relation to each other. The closing pages discuss character and its development, practical ethics, and the mystery of evil; whilst on the final page a vigorous protest is made against pessimism as essentially "morbid, diseased, unhealthy—a nightmare begotten of melancholy and fear." The book is one which young preachers, theological students, and Sunday-school teachers will find suggestive and helpful.

Two slim little volumes have just appeared which describe respectively the cathedrals of "Lichfield" and "Ripon." Canon Bodington is responsible for the former, and Canon Danks for the latter; both, therefore, are written by clergymen who can claim close personal association with two of the less stately but not least beautiful cathedral churches of the land. Lichfield, though with intervals, has been the seat of a bishopric since the middle of the seventh century. In the eleventh century this ecclesiastical honour was removed to Chester, as Lichfield was regarded as "inadequate to support the episcopal dignity." Chester in turn gave place to Coventry, but early in the twelfth century Lichfield once more became the seat of Church government. The present cathedral was finished about the year 1325, and it is the only one in England with three spires. The central spire was destroyed during the siege of Lichfield in the time of the Civil War, but was rebuilt under the directions of Sir Christopher Wren. The architectural claims of the building, the great names associated with its worship, and the historical and literary memories which cluster around its walls are lightly touched upon in this monograph. Ripon, though less known, was commenced by Archbishop Roger, of York, on the site of a church founded by St. Wilfred. This was between the years 1154 and 1181. Archbishop Gray added the two western towers. The central tower was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, and about the same time the beautiful stall-work of the choir. The sum of £40,000 was spent in the restoration of Ripon in the present century, and the work was carried on under the guidance of Sir Gilbert Scott. "Destroyed, and almost obliterated," says Canon Danks, "by time and violence and change, not once but repeatedly, Ripon Cathedral still remains a monument of human achievement and aspiration." There are illustrations in both volumes from drawings by Mr. Tringham and Mr. Herbert Railton, and they are not merely marked by delicacy and charm, but suggest the poetry of association.

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